

DERBY DAY NUMBER: PAGES OF SPECIAL PICTURES

The Daily Mirror 24

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF

ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

PAGES

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1923

One Penny.

TO-DAY'S GREAT RACE: A SENSATIONAL DERBY



Lord Furness' grey colt Legality, with his jockey of to-day, G. Hulme, in the saddle.

Mr. B. Irish's Papyrus and Steve Donoghue, the champion jockey, who will ride him.

Lord Rosebery's Ellangowan, with C. Elliott up, and his trainer, Mr. J. Jarvis.



Lord Furness, whose colours will be worn by Hulme on Legality.



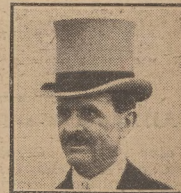
Lord Woolavington, who is owner of Town Guard and Knockando.



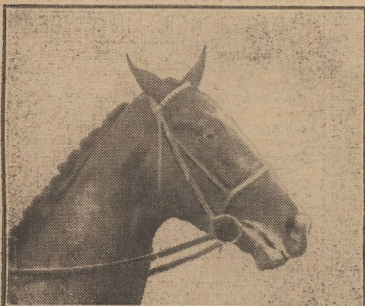
Lord Woolavington's Town Guard, ridden by G. Archibald, during a gallop yesterday morning, and going well.



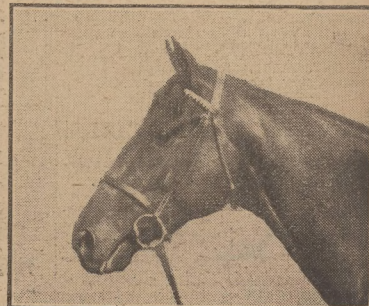
Lord Rosebery, whose candidate, Ellangowan, won the Guineas.



Lord Astor, so unlucky in the Derby hitherto, runs Saltash.



Lord Woolavington's Knockando.



The Earl of Derby's black colt, Pharos.

No Derby has ever aroused such absorbing interest as that to be run to-day, and this is almost entirely due to the sensational stories which have been told about Lord Woolavington's famous colt, Town Guard. His many supporters' hopes received a set-back

when, owing to severe lameness, he was able for two days to take but mild exercise, but he seems to have made a wonderful recovery. The good reports of him yesterday from Epsom have done much to restore confidence in him.

DRAMA OF DEAD GENERAL'S MEDALS.

Sold, Bought and Returned to Widow.

"A RECOMPENSE."

Lady Cowans Overjoyed by Purchaser's Generosity.

A poignant story of how the widow of a famous general was forced by straitened circumstances to part with her husband's war medals and decorations and had them restored to her by a generous purchaser, was related by Lady Cowans to *The Daily Mirror* last night.

The decorations and orders of Sir John S. Cowans, Quartermaster-General of the Army during the Great War, were offered for sale in the back office of a West End firm of jewellers and medal dealers yesterday morning.

They had been sold to the firm by order of the late general's trustees so that certain obligations on his estate could be paid.

Six hours later they found a purchaser, who returned them to Lady Cowans.

LADY COWANS' FOR LIFE.

Provision That on Her Death Medals Are to Go to Museum.

The generous purchaser, who restored Lady Cowans' treasures to her, gave the following explanation:—

"In recognition of the splendid work Sir John Cowans had done for his country—work which could be measured only by millions and not by pounds. It was his industry, energy and devotion as Quartermaster-General that had contributed so largely to win the war.

"The orders and decorations are to be returned to Lady Cowans for life, and afterwards they are to be given either to the South Kensington Museum or the United Services' Institution."

Sir John Cowans' decorations include the Order of St. Michael and St. George, the (Military) Order of the Bath, the Royal Victorian Order, the Star and Jewel of two Orders of the Legion of Honour, the Star and Jewel of the Sacred Order of Japan, the Star and Jewel of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, the Order of the Crown of Belgium, the Order of the Crown of Italy, the Order of the Redeemer of Greece, the Order of the Sacred Treasure of Japan, the Star and Jewel of the Order of Chia-Ho, China, and the D.S.M. of the United States.

"A RECOMPENSE."

"You cannot imagine my relief and gratitude for this generous gift," said Lady Cowans. "It is a recompense for the way in which my husband was treated by the Government."

"He was Quartermaster-General for seven years. At one period during the war he had the colossal task of feeding and equipping over 7,000,000 men.

"When he died certain obligations swallowed up his small estate. It was to assist in settling these that his decorations were sold.

"All I have is a general's widow's pension of £225. True, Mr. Lloyd George once offered me a civil pension of £100 a year, payable quarterly.

"I had great pleasure in declining the offer, considering that it was an insult to my husband's memory."

PAID £400,000 TOO MUCH.

Water Board Refuse to Refund Council's Excess Contributions.

Bermondsey Borough Council are appealing to the Minister of Health to compel the Metropolitan Water Board to refund to the London boroughs £400,000 paid in excess contributions by them.

The Water Board based the amount of the boroughs' contribution on the unequalled valuation list before any appeals were made, and as the result of the appeals the rateable values were considerably reduced.

The Board maintain that, whilst they can call upon the council to meet any deficiency in their accounts, they have no power to refund any overpaid contributions.

SIX FLYING ROSE GIRLS.

To Go to Paris, Cologne and Amsterdam by Air for Alexandra Day.

In connection with Alexandra Day it has been arranged to convey six rose sellers by air to Paris, Cologne, and Amsterdam.

The six girls will leave the Hotel Victoria, Northumberland-avenue, in a specially decorated car at 10 a.m. on June 12.

They will dispose of some of their wares to the passengers en route, and on the following day (Alexandra Day) they will sell their roses on the streets of Paris, Cologne, and Amsterdam.

WEDDING HELD UP.

Hitch in Earl's Marriage with Pretty Dancer.

TROUBLE OVER DIVORCE.

When the Earl of Northesk went to City Hall, New York, yesterday, with his fiancée, to apply for a marriage licence, the City Clerk, Mr. Michael Cruise, declined to issue one to Miss Jessica Brown because of the divorce obtained by her last October in Chicago from her first husband, Mr. Cyril Reinhard, lacking certain technicalities to make it legal in New York State.

After returning to the Ritz Carlton, the Earl told *The Daily Mirror* New York correspondent that he might get married in New Jersey or Connecticut, where the divorce laws are easier.

Nothing definite had been settled; he was not positive, he said, that the ceremony would not take place in New York.

He had obtained his licence, made out all his names and full titles in English and Scotland, and had described his occupation as nothing.

Miss Brown, who is considered one of the most beautiful girls in America, was formerly one of the famous Ziegfeld Follies in New York.

She met the Earl of Northesk when a dancer at the Grafton Galleries in London early this year.

SIR F. BANBURY.

Rumour of Peerage for Senior Member for City of London.

It was rumoured last night in political circles (says our London correspondent) that Sir Frederick Banbury, the senior member for the City of London, has received the offer of a peerage.

It may be mentioned in this connection that the Government Whips are anxious to find a seat for Mr. McKenna, the prospective Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Sir Frederick Banbury has been Conservative M.P. for the City of London since 1906, and is a chairman of the Great Northern Railway.

He was made a Privy Councillor in 1916. He was approached in 1921 and requested that he would allow himself to be nominated for the position of Speaker of the House of Commons.

SHACKLETON'S HEROISM

Commander Wild Tells of When He Gave Away His Food Ration.

"When we were at our lowest and starvation was imminent, Shackleton gave away part of his own food ration," said Commander Wild yesterday.

He was referring to Sir Ernest Shackleton's expedition on the Nimrod in 1917 to within 100 miles of the Pole.

Commander Wild is leaving to-morrow for South Africa, and urged, as Shackleton's oldest comrade, that the Shackleton Memorial Fund should "be crowned with the success it merits."

DUEL WITH SCYTHES.

Village Love Affray Through Girls Who Changed Their Minds.

PARIS, Tuesday. An extraordinary and novel duel is reported by the *New York Herald* from Neusatz, in Jugoslavia.

In the village of Svatinea two brothers named Kristea courted two pretty peasant girls, who were generally considered as their future wives,

TO-DAY'S GREAT RACE.

To-morrow's issue of "The Daily Mirror" will easily be the best pictorial record of the Derby. The second instalment of our brilliant new serial story will also appear. Order your copy to-day.

but the girls changed their minds and began to accept the attentions of another pair of brothers, Irine and Francis Balosch.

This led to quarrels between the men, who finally decided to fight a duel with scythes.

The first round sent the Balosch brothers to the ground, both wounded about the head and chest, while the two Kristea received only slight scratches. The vanquished brothers were removed to hospital in a precarious condition.

THE PRINCE AT EMBASSY BALL.

The Princes of Wales and Prince Paul of Serbia attended a ball at the French Embassy last night.

FINAL BEAUTY VOTE.

Closing Stage in "The Daily Mirror" £2,500 Contest.

THREE SPECIAL NUMBERS.

The final ballot for the "Beauties of 1923" begins next Tuesday, when *The Daily Mirror* will publish the first of three Special Beauty Numbers.

These issues will contain photographic studies of the thirty entrants in the £2,500 Beauty Competition who have gained the highest number of votes in the weekly ballots.

From these thirty entrants our readers will be invited to select the three prizewinners, and from next Tuesday to the following Monday a voting coupon will be printed in every issue of the paper.

A prize of £500 will be awarded to the reader who sends the best forecast of the three prizewinners and the number of votes they receive.

Readers will be afforded guidance in estimating the number of votes the winners will receive. An average week's voting will be printed in detail, and from these figures readers will be able to estimate the extent of the popular vote.

This new feature in the voting is likely to ensure that the £500 prize will be undivided, and won by one reader only.

As a large number will desire to place special orders for the Beauty Numbers, the dates on which the photographs of each section will be published are printed below:—

SECTION III.

Boys and girls under five.—Tuesday, June 12.

SECTION II.

Girls from five to fifteen years.—Thursday, June 14.

SECTION I.

Girls of sixteen and over.—Monday, June 18.

Orders for these issues should be placed with newsagents at once, otherwise there is a serious risk of disappointment. It should be remembered that readers may send in as many votes as they wish.

JEALOUS HUSBAND.

Man Who Locked Wife In White He Was Away.

Sentence of six months' imprisonment in the second division was passed by the Recorder at the Old Bailey yesterday on Wilfred S. Weller, of Petersfield-road, Acton, who was found guilty of bigamy.

As a large number will desire to place special orders for the Beauty Numbers, the dates on which the photographs of each section will be published are printed below:—

W. W. Lately, for the prosecution, said that Weller was first married in 1912, and lived with his wife until 1919, when he left her. In 1920 he married his second "wife," and lived with her ever since. There were five children of the first marriage, and there was one child as the result of the second.

Weller was a man of jealous disposition, and when he was on evening work he used to lock his wife in a room until he came back.

GAOL FOR CRUELTY.

Lord Lambourne Says Paltry Fines Are Not Enough Deterrent.

"Deliberate cruelty to animals should be punished by imprisonment." So urged Lord Lambourne yesterday at the annual meeting of the Royal Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

He desired to thank the Press for their invaluable support and for the great help they had given in drawing attention to the far-too-frequent inadequate sentences in cases of cruelty.

There were some Benches that recognised the heinous crime of cruelty to animals and realised their full powers to send delinquents to prison, but there were others that thought a paltry fine of 5s. was sufficient.

AERIAL WEEK-END.

Le Touquet to Set New Fashion in Social Functions.

The first great social function of the air, in which the feminine influence will predominate, is, writes an expert, now in active preparation. Beautiful women, in costly gowns, are, on Saturday, June 23, to embark in luxurious aeroplanes in Brussels, Paris and other cities, and fly at 100 miles an hour to the fashionable French seaside resort of Le Touquet.

Here they will enjoy the pleasures of a specially-organised "aerial week-end," including performance at the Casino by theatrical artists from Paris.

SACRED HERITAGE OF SUNDAY.

Urging action to safeguard "the sacred heritage of the Lord's Day," the Archbishop of Canterbury writes to the Alliance for the Defence of Sunday, pointing out "the danger of an unintended progress from innocent recreation to the encouragement of great competitive games or matches with inevitable conditions of popular gatherings and multiplied labour."

DYING DOCTOR'S BRAVERY.

Calmly Instructs Wife How to Treat Him.

CORONER'S TRIBUTE.

"Example of How Brave Man Should Die."

"He gave an example of how a brave man should die," said Mr. Ingleby Oddie, the Westminster coroner, at an inquest yesterday on Dr. Henry Troutbeck, fifty-seven, of Ashley-gardens, S.W., who died in remarkable circumstances.

Dr. Troutbeck went out in his motor-car on Sunday to pay two professional calls. He returned and said, "I am very ill."

He said he had again prostrated, and, lying down on a couch, instructed his wife how to treat him. When she thought he was relieved a little he was really dead.

Dr. Troutbeck was the son of the late Rev. Dr. Troutbeck, Canon of Westminster Abbey, and brother of the late Mr. John Troutbeck, who for many years was coroner of Westminster.

"DO NOT LEAVE ME."

Wife Gives Remedies According to Stricken Doctor's Instructions.

Mrs. Ellen Sarah Troutbeck, the widow, stated that her husband was in the best of health at breakfast time on Sunday, and had arranged to go into the country for a motor ride with her.

He said he would make two professional calls, and started off for that purpose.

At 10.30 he came back in his car appearing very ill. He walked upstairs with difficulty, almost falling into the flat.

When he was assisted to a sofa in his consulting-room he said: "I am very ill; do not leave me."

His pains became intense and paroxysms continued for nearly an hour.

Witness gave him what remedies he had under his instructions, including two moderate injections of morphia.

Witness added that she telephoned for several doctors and nurses, without result.

When she thought her husband had been relieved of his pain he had really died, and a doctor did not arrive for an hour afterwards.

Dr. Henry B. Weir, pathologist, who made a post-mortem examination, said that death was due to syncope consequent upon the disease of the coronary arteries—angina pectoris.

The coroner, Mr. Oddie, said that Dr. Troutbeck had behaved with great calmness in view of the fact that he must have realised that he was about to die, and his behaviour was resolute and brave.

Indeed, he gave an example in his life of how a good citizen should live, and in his death how a brave man should die.

SERVANTS FOR CANADA.

5,000 British Girls To Be Given Free Passages—'Splendid Opportunities.'

"There are splendid opportunities for domestic servants in Canada," said Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, Superintendent of Emigration for Canada, at a luncheon at Liverpool yesterday on the new White Star Dominion liner Doric.

"We are hoping," he said, "to send five thousand domestic servants from Great Britain to Canada this year, and to advance, if necessary, not only the steamer passage money, but also the full railway fare to the destination of emigrants."

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Lighting-up time to-day is 10.9 p.m.

Tiverton Wit.—A writ was issued yesterday for Tiverton by-election.

Four Dead in Air Crash.—Four Italian officers were killed in a plane crash near Tripoli.

Sir Auckland Geddes' eye is better and his improvement promises early recovery.—Reuter.

Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, and the Prince Consort visit the English lake district on June 28.

Morpeth By-Election.—Mr. Smilie begins his Labour candidature for Morpeth by-election to-day.

Strike Makes Walkers.—Workers had to walk at Bristol yesterday owing to a sudden tramway strike.

Taxicab Murder Charge.—Alexander Campbell Mason was yesterday sent for trial at the Old Bailey, charged with the murder of Jacob Dickey, the taxi-driver at Bristol.

"THE LITTLE LADY," FINE NEW SERIAL, BEGINS TO-DAY ON PAGE 17

THRILLS USHER IN TO-DAY'S GREAT DERBY CLIMAX

Town Guard Again Favourite After Dropping to Third Place—Amazing Fluctuations.

WILL SUN SHINE?—RAIN OR DRIZZLE FEARS

Prince of Wales to See Race—Trek to Epsom Downs Begins at Dawn.

TO-DAY'S FORECAST.—Wind west to north-west, moderate or fresh; much cloud at times; occasional rain or drizzle; cool.

Derby thrills this year have continued even to the eve of the great race, which will be run to-day in quite an atmosphere of drama.

Town Guard has provided the excitement, and yesterday more chameleon-like changes befel Lord Woolavington's colt. He went badly in the betting at first, being replaced by Papyrus as favourite on the course, while last night he fell to third place at one club "call over." Then at the Victoria Club he regained his position as favourite. What will be his fate to-day?

Thirteen millionaires have horses in this year's Derby. Lord Derby's Pharos and Lord Rosebery's Ellangowan are among those most fancied. How vast will be the trek to Epsom is shown by the fact that 5,000 motor-coaches will go from London alone.

Although the King will be absent, owing to Princess Christian's illness, the Prince of Wales will attend.

"UP AND DOWN" DRAMA OF DERBY FAVOURITE.

How Town Guard Lost and Regained Position.

EXCITING "CALLS-OVER."

Which will win? What will the weather be like? These twin problems face the racegoer to-day.

As to the first, opinion as reflected in the betting last night added another thrill to the series that have heralded this year's Derby.

Papyrus was favourite in the early part of the day. Then Town Guard retired to third place in favour of Pharos, but last night at the Victoria Club's "call over" he regained his position as favourite. Papyrus was a close second.

Thus, although he has recovered from the lameness that seized him a week ago, Town Guard has fared badly in the betting.

EXCITING "CALL-OVER."

The "call-over" at the clubs was unusually exciting. At the Beaufort Club the leading horses were:

Papyrus, 13 to 2, no large investments; Pharos, 7 to 1, backed to win £8,000; Town Guard, 8 to 1, closing 15 to 2, £6,000; Legality 17 to 2, £5,500. Saltash was backed to win £10,000 at from 28 to 1 to 25 to 1.

At the Victoria Club "call over" Town Guard was reinstated as favourite.

Eleven to two was the best offer for Town Guard, after odds of 6 to 1 had been taken.

Papyrus, second favourite, after being supported at 13 to 2, was quoted at 6 to 1.

Pharos was third favourite at 15 to 2, and Legality was next in demand.

Unfortunately the weather outlook for to-day is not good.

It appears that a depression is passing south, eastwards across the North Sea, and rain or drizzle is probable at times to-day.

DAWN TREK TO DOWNS.

Record Crowd Expected To-Day—Betting Tax Inquiry.

Reports indicate that the crowd will break all records if the weather is at all tolerable.

The trek to the Downs will begin before dawn, and as a general rule many of the "foot-sloggers" are still arriving after the race has been run. Such is the extraordinary fascination of the Derby that hundreds undergo severe physical hardships in order to be present.

Many are hoping that the luck of the Stewards' will change, and that Lord Derby will win, for the first time, with Pharos the race founded by his ancestor. In addition, there are thousands who fancy a long-priced "outsider."

Police arrangements for controlling the traffic include an aeroplane. Where necessary wireless messages will be sent from the aeroplane to a receiving instrument on the Downs from which motor-cyclists will be dispatched to take whatever steps are necessary.

The Prime Minister announced that it was not intended to adjourn the House for Derby Day in order to give members the opportunity of studying the possibilities of a betting tax.

Not the least interested spectators at the Derby to-day will be the members of the Select Committee on the Taxation of Betting.

The Jockey Club has placed at their disposal seats on the club's stand, from which they will obtain a full view of the betting. Every facility is to be given to them to visit the rings and other enclosures.

5,000 MOTOR COACHES FOR LONDON RACEGOERS.

Champagne Luncheons at End of 'Wireless' Journey.

CAMP BEDS ON DOWNS.

To-day's Derby will be more than ever a picnic for motorists. There was a great rush yesterday to hire private cars and to secure the remaining seats in motor-coaches.

All motor-coaching firms will have fleets serving Epsom. Prices range from a guinea for the journey to six guineas with extras.

One firm offers the journey and a champagne luncheon at £3 7s., or the journey and a packed hamper for 37s. 6d.

We shall have over 200 cars at the Derby to-morrow," said the manager of the Daimler Private Hire Department yesterday, "and I have had to refuse nearly 250 applications."

Many of the cars are fitted with wireless sets so that the occupants will be able to listen in to the daytime concerts.

An official of Messrs. Cook's said that they would have a record Derby traffic day.

Both charabancs, and motor-cars will be considerably in excess of anything we had last year," it was stated.

"From overseas, as well as from all parts of England, we have had bookings."

Some 200 London General motor-omnibuses have been let to racegoers for the day, and the St. Dunstan's movement will have about eighty coach parties of twenty-seven each.

FIRST DAY OMEN.

The trek to Epsom began yesterday, when vans of all descriptions, some of them laden with tents and camp beds for those intending to make a night of it, tolled up the hill to the course.

Though the first day of Epsom Week opened coldly yesterday, the afternoon was bright and warm. This was regarded as a good omen for to-day.

Nearly all the most important racing men were there.

"DERBY NIGHT" JOYS.

Race To Be Silhouetted at Gala Hotel Ball.

Derby night is to be celebrated in gala fashion at the London hotels.

At the Savoy Hotel there will be an actual reconstruction of the finish of the Derby on a wall of the foyer of the hotel where the Derby night ball will be held.

With guidance as to the exact details of the finish provided by artists and photographers, a silhouette artist, with scissors 22in. long, will cut out full-sized representations of the horses striving for mastery.

The names of the horses will be shown on each silhouette in large white letters, so that the dancers may see exactly what fate overtook their "fancy."

The "Midnight Follies" will give a special sporting entertainment at the Hotel Metropole, including the "Midnight Follies" Derby, in which the Derby winner's colours will be worn by the girl jockeys.

Racing favours will be presented to the guests who hold the winning discs.

*** * "Tips" for enjoying your first Derby, by Mr. C. D. Machin, our sporting cartoonist, will be found on page 23. Another amusing cartoon on the Derby will appear to-morrow.**



Mr. C. A. Robinson, who will judge to-day's great race at Epsom.

PLOT TO UPSET ULSTER GOVERNMENT.

Minister Warns of "Underground Movement."

BORDER ATTACKS.

The existence of a plot to upset the Ulster Government was mentioned by Sir Dawson Bates, the Ulster Home Secretary, in the Northern Parliament yesterday.

Ulster was not yet out of the wood, he said, and their information showed there was danger.

The hostile movement against Ulster had been scotched, but not killed. They had received a report indicating an underground movement to upset the Government.

ATTITUDE OF SELF-DEFENCE.

They did not interfere in any way with the domestic concerns of the Free State Government, but they could not close their eyes to what was happening there.

The Government's policy was not provocative; it was one of self-defence.

Only within the last two days, he said, along the border, their police had been deliberately attacked without provocation by machine gun and rifle.

Help for Irish Loyalists.—Viscount Rothermere has forwarded a cheque for £3,000 to the Southern Irish Loyalists Relief Association, 12, Palmer-street, Westminster. Such an amount as this, the association states, will enable it to deal at once with some of the most pressing cases.

GERMAN NOTE TO-MORROW.

Annual Payments and "More Detailed Guarantees."

The new German reparations Note has been finally drafted, says a Reuter message from Berlin, and will probably be handed to the Allies to-morrow.

Strict secrecy is being maintained with regard to the text, but it is safe to say that there is in the Note no mention of a definite sum, which is left to the decision of a committee of international experts on which Germany will be represented.

It may also be stated that the financial proposals are based on annual payments and the offer of guarantees will be more detailed.

They include those of industry and the receipts from customs and railways.

BOGUS DERBY SWEEP.

Glasgow Victims' Furst in Door of Empty Office.

Glasgow police are making investigations in what is said to be a bogus Derby sweep.

The discovery was made when the holders of tickets went to the office in the city to witness the draw and found the premises unoccupied.

The number of the victims is stated to run into several thousands.

The prize money was to have totalled £200. The tickets were not purchased, but on payment of sixpence clients were given a tip for the Derby and a free ticket in the sweep.

A crowd gathered outside the office where the draw was supposed to be taking place, and, after a long wait, burst in the door and then informed the police, who took possession of a quantity of letters, counterfoils and money.

WASHINGTON DISASTER DENIAL.

The report that the Franklin National Bank building in Washington had collapsed is denied in a Reuter message. A ceiling fell in a neighbouring building, but the bank was not affected. There was no loss of life.

£11,000,000 FOR BASE AT SINGAPORE.

Lord Salisbury on Safety "20 Years Hence."

BIGGER THAN ROSYTH.

Enormous Project Said To Be Necessary for Our Navy.

Criticism of the Government's proposed scheme to build a new naval base at Singapore, which is to cost £11,000,000, was made last night in the House of Lords.

Viscount Wimborne asked the Government whether, having regard to the finances of the country, expenditure upon the Air Service should come before expenditure upon the proposed new naval base at Singapore.

We seemed, he said, to be confronted with a disquieting paradox that in times of straitened resources we were going to embark upon the creation of a great naval base at Singapore, which was to exceed in importance and magnitude the great sheet anchor of our sea supremacy in the North Sea.

Pointing out the heavy burden of taxation borne by this country, he referred to the probable appointment of Mr. McKenna as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and said no one was more pledged to retrenchment than he, while he (Lord Wimborne) wondered what Mr. McKenna would think of this proposal.

The Marquis of Salisbury, replying, said no one who was responsible could allow even the motive of economy to prevent it, as it was to overshadow altogether Imperial obligations which were cast upon us.

"PARALYSING THE NAVY."

Unless a naval base was established at Singapore, the action of our Navy in the Far East would be absolutely paralysed.

They were not looking to the present in respect of this base. The situation they had to contemplate was that which might exist ten or twenty years hence. All these matters of defence were matters of insurance.

During the first two years it was not proposed to spend very much at Singapore, and in this time he hoped a good deal would be done to rehabilitate the Air Service.

New Zealand's Plan.—Mr. Massey, the Premier of New Zealand, said at Wellington yesterday that New Zealand and Australia would have to share with Britain the cost of the Singapore base.

£1,200 CAR MYSTERY.

Counsel on "Story Like a Chapter from Fiction."

An extraordinary story, which, according to counsel, will read like a chapter from exciting serial fiction, has been taken up by the Westminster against Charles Hellier, twenty-two, and Guy Hart, nineteen, of stealing a motor-car, valued at £1,200, from Messrs. Harrods, Ltd. A remand was ordered.

Mr. Conway, for Messrs. Harrods, stated that the car was hired on Sunday evening by Hart, and was driven to Hyde Park-place, where Hellier, he alleged, tried to make the chauffeur drink.

They picked up two women, and drove to Welwyn, in Hertfordshire.

Then, said counsel, something happened, with the result that the chauffeur did not come back with the car, which was found later in a garage at Hammersmith.

Detective Sergeant Markham said when he told Hellier and Hart that he would take them into custody for stealing the car, Hellier said: "What do you mean? I am Captain St. Hellier, and my father, Lord St. Hellier, will see to you."

12-YEAR-OLD GIRL'S TENNIS RECORD

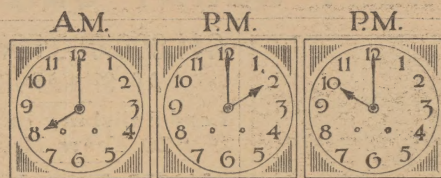
Three "firsts" and one "second" in the last four events at Chiswick is the remarkable record of Miss Betty Nuthall, a twelve-year-old girl. Playing with J. M. Knoll, she won the first-class mixed doubles championship, while she has also played with distinction at Rom Hampton.

WHERE THE SUN SHONE.

Yesterday's weather reports were:—

	Temp.	Wind.	Cloud.
London	25.3	34deg.	Cloudy.
Scarborough	60	50	Fine, then cloudy.
Mercantile	85	1	Fine.
Llandudno	66	15	Fair, rain later.
Cromer	50	53	Fine.
Lowestoft	50	53	Fine.
Ramsgate	64	53	Fair to dull.
Eastbourne	59	52	Mainly dull.
Bournemouth	70	62	Fair.
Bournemouth	85	5	Fine.
Hirecombe	38	56	Fair to dull.

Guernsey had 8.5 hours' sunshine.



Three Times a day

Three times a day we eat food. Three times a day the minute crannies between the teeth become the receptacles of food particles. Three times a day the slow but sure foundation of dental decay is laid, and, in the strict sense of the word, we should cleanse our teeth three times a day. In some cases this is obviously impracticable, but all of us can use a toothbrush twice a day. If you put Euthymol Tooth Paste on your brush you will be using the most efficient germicide known to dental science; one proved by the most prominent authorities to be able to destroy within thirty seconds all mouth bacteria with which it comes in contact.

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

PRICE
1/3
OF ALL
CHEMISTS.

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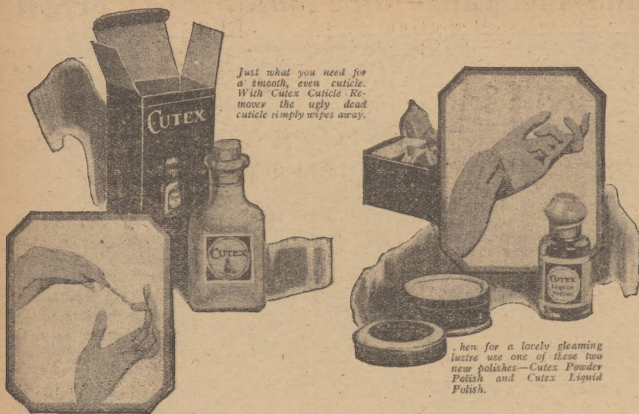
Epsom Downs on Derby Day—a characteristic photograph taken from the hill. There is all the great holiday race crowd, and in the foreground a party of gipsies dining in a secluded corner.



This old gypsy woman—unconcerned by all the bustle of the crowd—is happy with her pipe and her everyday tasks. Potato-peeling at the moment holds her attention.



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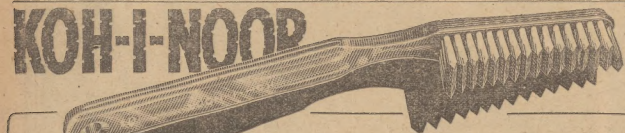
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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1923.

DERBY DAY AGAIN.

EVERY year and in every way the Derby gets larger and larger. It is like Christmas. We begin nowadays to "shop early" in September. Soon we shall be getting on the road to Epsom in January.

This feverish preparation is demanded on account of the always increasing crowds of everybody and everything.

You read this year, for example, of the thousands of bottles of champagne, of the tens of thousands of bottles of humbler refreshment, of the tons of every sort of provision, from bread-and-cheese to salmon and caviare. You are amazed at the progress of it all, at the talk of carefully-drilled traffic, of roads patrolled by miles of police, of hundreds of motor-omnibuses, of thousands of motor-cars and motor-bicycles, and even of a cloud of aeroplanes.

All you regret is that modern mechanism has as yet devised no means of installing thousands of stoves as well, and that the mountains of food will, for the most part, be cold. There ought to be portable kitchens for the cooking of hot viands in our "blazing" English June.

The weather, indeed, and only the weather, can mar to-day's Derby. Will it be an Epsom in furs and ulsters? Will there be snow, as for the late Lord Chaplin's memorable year? We can only hope for better things. But the omens are not favourable.

The crowd, however, has set its face towards Epsom and even a blizzard won't stop it. We only regret to have to anticipate a consequent epidemic of colds.

For the rest, and as regards the racing prospects, there is all the excitement of uncertainty, prompted by the many conflicting rumours of the favourite's health. It is an engagingly doubtful Derby. That always heightens the appeal.

SALARIES AND PENSIONS.

MOST of us have a way of wondering about the size of the other fellow's salary—that is, especially, the fellow in another profession.

The "literary man" thinks longingly of the earnings of a barrister. (We always take it that our friend in the other professions is a success.) The barrister hears of vast profits made in business.

How safe, how respectable, how securely paid are Civil Servants!—think those whose living is more doubtful. A Judge has commented on the high salaries of modern actors. Perhaps the actor envies the Judge his permanence—and his prospective pension.

This last really is a point worth considering by those who thus contrast sizes in salaries.

A pension! It means you have not to worry about the future. It means you can sing (or spend your money) all the summer, without thought of winter's rains and ruins. Certainly a pension to come doubles the value of any paid position in the pocket. Lucky is he who can rely upon the taxpayer to support him in old age!

This the Judge mentioned hardly seems to have realised, in comparing his job with the actor's. For an actor belongs to the most precarious of all recognised callings. His old-age pension will be small, unless he remembers the rainy day and saves much of the salary that often seems so large to a lawyer.

W. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

JUNE 5.—Few perennials produce such a gorgeous effect as do the giant Oriental poppies (pappaver orientale). To be seen at their best we must have them growing in bold grounds in the shrubbery or down some broad herbaceous border.

The staking of these subjects—especially in windy places—is an important matter; twiggy sticks, about two feet high, should be stuck around the plants. There are now beautiful crimson, pink, scarlet and white varieties in many shades.

E. F. E.

ONLY WOMAN OWNER WHO TRIUMPHED.

JOCKEY WHO WOULD NOT TELL A QUEEN HIS WEIGHT.

By W. H. BROOKS.

NEARLY a century and a half have rolled by—the exact date was the year 1780—since a fashionable company journeyed by postchaise and cabriolet to Epsom to see a new horse race.

The twelfth Earl of Derby had taken up his residence in the district, and as a change from the then prevailing custom of running races in heats he had taken a prominent part in instituting racing more after the style in which we know it to-day.

What a picturesque sight it must have been on the famous Downs on that morning in May when the inaugural race took place for the Derby Stakes.

Striking figures were the bewigged and powdered sportsmen of those days, and not a

named Macdonald, and asked him his weight. "If you please, your Majesty," replied the lad, "my master says I must not tell anybody." The Queen was greatly amused at the answer and the Prince Consort complimented Macdonald on obeying his orders so strictly.

Legions of stories could be written about the Derby—of fortunes lost and won, of strange coincidences, prophetic dreams and exciting finishes.

FASCINATION FOR WOMEN.

Two interesting thoughts come to mind, however, in connection with to-day's race. One is that only once has an Earl of Derby carried off the Blue Riband of the Turf, and that on one occasion only has a woman owner been successful.

It was a war-time Derby that Gainsborough won in 1918 for Lady James Douglas, but it is as far back as 1793 that the present Lord Derby has to look for the only occasion

SHALL I WIN A THIRD DERBY TO-DAY?

WHAT IS NEEDED TO CARRY OFF THE BLUE RIBAND.

By J. B. JOEL

(owner of My Lord and of two previous Derby winners).

RACING records tell me that I have won the Derby twice in twelve years with horses bred at my own stud.

Lord Rosebery, however, has done better than that, for not only did he win the Blue Riband of the Turf in two successive years, viz., with Ladass and Sir Visto in 1894 and 1895, but he had three Derbys to his credit in eleven years (Cicero won in 1905), and he is not without hopes, I understand, of landing another this week.

It is, of course, the ambition of every race-horse owner to win the Derby, and, speaking of my own experience, it is certainly a proud and thrilling sensation.

Shall I have the honour to-day of owning my third Derby winner and thus equalling Lord Rosebery's record? That is the question which not a few people have been asking during the last week or two, although I notice that most of the racing critics do not seem particularly keen on my chances.

Perhaps they are right, and, at any rate, it is not for me to say they are wrong. An owner probably views his own prospects through rose-coloured glasses, except, perhaps, in my case and that of my trainer we have some practical idea of all that is required to win a Derby.

You want the horse first of all, but you also want efficient jockeyship, and absolutely nothing in the way of bad luck.

You want all the good luck you can get, and if I get my share, and, better still, a slice of somebody else's, then My Lord will surely be right there at the finish.

MY BEST HORSE.

By far the best horse I have ever bred and owned is Sunstar, alive and well to-day in the full vigour of perfect health and astonishing vitality.

In all modesty I suggest that he is the outstanding best Derby winner of his time. I have never heard of a colt being so highly tried before the Two Thousand Guineas as he was, because, at a few pounds in his favour, he beat by three lengths such smart handicappers as rare old Dean Swift, Sunspot (the sire of my Derby candidate this year, My Lord), Spanish Prince and The Story.

Sunstar came to Newmarket, and did what was expected of him by winning in a canter. Having, therefore, reproduced in public what he had shown us in private, I knew I had bred an exceptionally high-class horse.

Very soon afterwards Spanish Prince, one of the trial horses, won the Victoria Cup at Hurst Park. Everything was pointing Sunstar's way, and en route to the Derby we paused to pick up the Newmarket Stakes.

It was very hard going, and maybe we took something of a risk, but it is a mistake many people make who think Sunstar contracted the trouble in that race which came so near to costing him the Derby.

The trouble was in a fetlock joint of a fore-leg—there never was tendon trouble—and only I and Charles Morton knew what anxiety we went through in those dragging and nerve-racking days.

The very fact of owning the Derby favourite is something which I, at any rate, cannot properly express on paper.

THE TRAGEDY OF HUMORIST.

The tension is terrific, and the anxieties of both owner and trainer increase as the day for the race draws near.

Sunstar was so good that he was able to win easily, though practically on three legs, after breaking down somewhere in the region of the number board.

Stern, his jockey, told me afterwards that he distinctly felt the leg go or he would have won with his head in his chest, and all I can say is that in addition to being a brilliant racehorse he must have been one of tremendous courage. He never ran again.

My trainer has done many big things in his fine career, but I rank as probably the best his winning of my second Derby with Humorist.

Here was a colt that I had bred from one of my Oaks winners, Jest. No doubt he was a delicate horse.

To have won the Derby with him, to have nursed him as Morton did to win a race which takes far more winning than any race in the world, I shall always regard as wonderful.

GREAT-GRANDPAPA REGRETS DERBY CHANGES.



To-day's great race is the largest and busiest meeting of the year. Some old people regret the peaceable atmosphere of early Victorian Derbys.

few of them, no doubt, rode to the course on horseback alongside "my lady's carriage."

The women with their fans and smelling salts would naturally enjoy the gossip of this "new-fangled idea" of the Earl's, and great must have been the excitement when the horses lined up for the race.

There was no such thing, of course, as photography in those days, and unfortunately we know very little about this famous first Derby beyond the fact that there was a field of nine and that the race was won by Sir Charles Banbury's Diomed.

A fine old sport, by all accounts, was Sir Charles. For forty years he was senior Steward of the Jockey Club. One of his racing decisions, however, so displeased the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., that he never had the royal banner unfurled at Newmarket again.

Much has happened since those far-off times, but Derby day remains. It has become, in fact, a sort of national institution—the one great race of the year in which everybody in the land seems to take an interest.

When Queen Victoria saw Little Wonder win the race she sent for the jockey, a youth

on which one of his ancestors secured the race.

Women nowadays are taking an increasing interest in racing, and among that great and wonderful crowd which will acclaim to-day's winner as it sweeps by the Judge's box, the gentler sex will be well represented.

The Derby more than any other race has a tremendous fascination for women. For thousands of them it means their only bet of the year.

Many a husband when leaving for the office this morning will receive a gentle reminder not to forget "to put something on for me, dear. I am sure such and such a horse will win."

Poor hubby! The horse selected may be the rankest outsider. "Very foolish," he will say to himself, but remembering Jeddah's 100 to 1 year he takes no risk. He finds "safety first" in the bookmaker.

A woman owner is again represented in this year's Derby—Lady Nunnburnholme, who is running Portunna—and Lord Derby, with Pharos, will again try to break the long spell of tantalising ill-luck that has attended the association of his family with this famous race.

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"Daily Mirror" 6

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Ciro Pearls £300 BEAUTY COMPETITION

JUDGES' AWARDS.

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Fair competitors in extraordinarily large numbers from all parts of the world have sent in photographs of themselves wearing **Ciro Pearls**, and the judges, Miss Gladys Cooper, Miss Phyllis Dare, Mr. Nelson Keys, and Mr. Charles P. Sisley, have had a difficult task to select the winners.

We are now able to publish a full list of the awards, as follows:—

FIRST PRIZE—£100—Miss EDNA SMITH, 19, Chorley Old Road, Bolton, Lancs.

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THIRD PRIZE—£25—Miss ETHEL DURDEN, 24, Aberdeen Place, Maida Vale, N.W.

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Miss B. M. BLAND, 53, Argyle Road, Ilford, Essex.
Miss LILIAN BURGESS, 68, Braxted Park, Streatham Common, S.W.
Miss W. BYRNE, 14, Harrington Place, Carlisle.
Miss BERYL CHANNELL, 38, Brown Street, Upper George Street, London, W.1.
Miss IRIS GLADISH, 63, Old Steine, Brighton.
Miss K. COLEMAN, 25, Crompton Street, Derby.
Miss IVY DEAKS, The Bungalow, Monkham Avenue, Woodford Green, Essex.
Miss HENRY DE BOER, 12, Zoulenlaan, Heemstede, Nr. Haarlem, Holland.
Miss ELLEN ERSKINE, Whitcroft, Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight.
Miss ROSE SUMMER HALLER, 7, Albany Street, Springfield, Hull.
Miss LOUNA HALLS, 65, St. James's Park, Tunbridge Wells.
Miss OLIVE JENSEN, 30, Clifton Terrace, Llandilly, S. Wales.
Miss ETHEL LOWE, 7, Mount Terrace, Droylesden, Nr. Manchester.
Miss MIRIAM LOWE, 2, Mansell Road, Acton, W.
Miss MARY K. NORRIS, 32, Carleton Road, Thunell Park, N.
MA TYN, Sheweaung Quarter, Pakokk, Burma.
Miss LILY D. OSBORN, 14, Rothsey Place, Bedford.
Miss IRENE B. ROBERTS, 2, Marlborough Road, Newport, Mon.
Miss P. H. SLOCOMBE, Throat Hospital, Golden Square, W.
Miss EDITH STREET, 45, Haverstock Hill, Hampstead, N.W.
Miss LAURA SALT, Brecon View, Littleover, Derby.
Miss MARJORIE THOMPSON, 10, Kingsley Avenue, West Faling.
Miss V. A. WELLS, Manchwood, Nr. Southampton.
Miss NORAH WILD, 62a, Bancroft Road, Cusfold, Yorks.

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Miss Phyllis Adams, who is cast in the part of Joan in the film 'The Derby Day'.



Miss Katharine Dalton, who takes the part of the Countess in the film 'The Derby Day'.

DERBY DAY.

The Various "Tips"—New English Opera—A Picture Problem.

THERE is a prospect of fine weather for the Derby to-day. The experts predict "local showers," and suggest that the locality need not necessarily be Epsom. I dare say to-day's festival will become known as the Great Motor-car Derby of 1923. People are travelling to Epsom by car from all over the country, even from places in the North.

Which?

The only question yesterday was, "What do you fancy for the Derby?" There were all sorts of fancies. The stage people, who hang together a lot in these matters, are supporting My Lord, and this is the Stock Exchange "tip" also, though many stockbrokers are going to have a "saver" on Doric.

Feminine Instinct.

Very few people who bet in a small way seem to fancy the official favourite, Town Guard. Women who make their annual Derby bet a matter of "instinct" have selected Papyrus, in the belief that the famous jockey, Donoghue, is destined to win his third Derby in succession.

E. S. D.

A friend of mine intends to back three horses, namely, Legality, Saltash and Doric. His reason is that the initial letters of the names make E. S. D.

Racing Prizes.

Racing is a costly business even when an owner has a good year, for the stakes won rarely cover his expenses. Last year in England there were 1,659 races, and the prize-money totalled £705,694, which makes an average of £419 per race. Fifty years ago the total value of the races run was only £306,968.

What Jockeys Earn.

Famous jockeys are expensive luxuries. Fees have not been substantially increased, but retainers are higher than ever. At the beginning of the present season, Donoghue, who was the leading jockey last year, had a retainer of £6,000 from Mr. James White, and £4,000 from Lord Woolavington, who has recently released him.

"Variety" at Epsom.

When the first Derby was run the programme also included cock-fighting. The Downs have also seen the matching of running "footmen," and when George IV. was King, prize-fights were held on the course, and his Majesty passed round his hat for the benefit of the pugilists.

Manton "Wizard."

Mr. Alec Taylor, Lord Astor's trainer, has the distinction of heading the list of winning trainers for the last five years. He followed his father, who was known as the "Wizard of Manton," and has been racing twenty-eight years, during which time he has trained more winners of important races than anybody else. Bayardo, Lemberg, Gay Crusader, Gainsborough, Buchan, Lemonora are just a few outstanding horses trained at the Wiltshire stable.

Famous Horses.

His biggest successes were with Bayardo and Lemberg, and these two famous horses won over £82,000 when trained by Taylor for the late Mr. A. W. Cox. The stables are situated near Marlborough, and his two candidates, Saltash and Bold and Bad, left yesterday for Epsom. The colours of this popular stable are light blue, with pink sash and cap.



Mr. Alec Taylor.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

Davy's Tip.

Davy Stephens, the "Kingstown" news-vendor, is at Epsom for his fifty-third Derby. He is now eighty years old, but is remarkably fit. His selection is: Ellangowan, 1; Pharos, 2; Twelve Pointer, 3.

Tennis and the Turf.

The Duchess of Westminster has been putting in her spare time at the tennis clubs, for she is very fond of the game. I saw her during the interval the other day well wrapped up in a beautiful fur-trimmed embroidered cloak. She is naturally hoping that Twelve Pointer, the Duke's Derby candidate, will show up well to-day.

"Reporting" the First Derby.

From the point of view of the public the first Derby was only a very "little one." When Diomed won in 1780 the distance of the race was one mile, and the value of the stakes only 1,025 guineas. And the extent of the public interest taken in the event may be gauged from the fact that the *Public Advertiser* recorded the breakdown of a one-horse shay on the way home from Epsom, but gave no account of the race itself.

Dame Smyth's New Opera.

Dame Ethel Smyth's new opera, "Fete Galante," which was produced at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre (Mr. Barry Jackson's house) on Monday, will be seen at Covent Garden on Monday next. It is a Pierrot story. The Queen's lover disguises himself in pierrot costume, so the King mistakes him for poor Pierrot, who is promptly hanged.



In Verse. The libretto is a poetic rendering by Edward Shanks, of one of Maurice Baring's stories. Mr. Shanks is a poet of some reputation and wrote that striking novel, "The People of the Ruins." He is an assistant editor to Mr. J. C. Squire, on the *London Mercury*, and is one of those who has caused a little Fleet-street hostility to be called "The Poet's Corner."

The Prince, Primate and "Portrait."

The Prince of Wales has seldom, surely, spent a merrier hour than at the Japan Society's dinner. He was obviously tickled at the "portrait" of himself, the work of some admirer whose intention was better than his art, which stood on the table in front of him. The great joke was that the Primate, who laughed like a schoolboy every time he caught sight of it, would insist on making it face the Prince.

"Too Much of This."

"Something too much of this," as another Prince used to say, was evidently the Prince's mood, as he found the comic khaki figure again and again smiling at him. Dr. Davidson and the Countess P. Ahlefeldt Laurvig kept on admiring it, while the Prince kept on impatiently waving it away.

The Kimono?

The Prince was warm in his appreciative recollection of Japanese hospitality, and paid a graceful compliment to the Viscountess Matsudaira, who he was pleased to see was wearing the kimono. By the way, he put the accent on the last "o," which was a lesson to many.

Will Our Pictures Last?

Will our modern masterpieces last? The Sargent portrait at the Grosvenor Galleries, which I mentioned yesterday, was painted in 1886, but already the paint is very cracked, and the canvas is much older in appearance than many of the "old masters" in the National Gallery. Some people think it is a mistake to cover oil paintings with glass; the late Frederic Harrison was strongly of this opinion.

Beauty in Everything.

I was impressed at the Grosvenor Galleries by the number of fine still life pictures in the Summer Exhibition. This is a branch of pictorial art in which we are now very strong. One artist has made a fine picture out of a bottle half-full of oil, an enamelled water-jug and a Panama hat.

Morning Concerts.

In New York the morning concert has been an established social event for many years. It has now come to London to stay, judging by the crowd that came to the last of the concert luncheons at the Savoy given by Dame Clara Butt for the Dockland Settlement yesterday. It was a wonderful concert.

Men and Music.

An interesting feature of the concert was the number of well-known men there. The Duke of Somerset's white head was conspicuous. Lord Darley was there and I noticed he knew every note of most of the music.

Stage Celebrities at Hampstead.

Duse has consented to be present at the garden fête which the Marchioness of Carisbrooke is to open to-morrow at The Hill, Hampstead, in aid of the National Women Citizens' Association. Adeline Genee will judge children's dancing, Ellen Terry will judge doll dressing and Lady Du Maurier and Ellaline Terriss preside at the ice-cream stall. Miss Rosemary Northcroft has a stall in aid of St. Marylebone Poor Children's Fund.

Princess Mary Amused.

Princess Mary occupied a box at the Prince of Wales' Theatre yesterday at the matinee in aid of the Women's Section of the British Legion. The Princess, who looked in the best of health, laughed heartily at the antics of Miss Gwen Farrer singing "Who Tied the Can on the Old Dog's Tail?" She was also very interested in Miss Gladys Cooper's bobbed hair, and appreciated her sketch with Sir Gerald du Maurier.

M.P. and a Play.

A curious incident happened in the House of Commons a few nights ago. Captain Reginald Berkeley, the member for Central Nottingham, rose to make a speech and began by apologising for his absence the previous evening. "I was attending," he explained, "a beautiful play called 'Oliver Cromwell.'" The House cheered.

Gives added Beauty

The woman who makes the most of herself uses Icilma Face Powder. Its glorious smoothness and fineness—its fragrant perfume and lightness—appeal to her. But the real reason for the popularity of Icilma Powder is the delicate bloom it gives to thousands of pretty cheeks. There is no other Face Powder like it—it gives added beauty—and it's *All-British*, too.

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Mr. Tom Stenhouse, 64, the veteran jockey and trainer, who has established himself in the Town of St. Marylebone.



The Countess of Derby, who has had a house party at her playhouse in the training of horses.

Lord Queenborough's Daughter.

Lady Queenborough is still away in Paris, and it is more than probable that Lord Queenborough will act as host at his daughter's coming-out ball on the 12th, in his wife's place. The Hon. Dorothy Paget is his second and sole remaining unmarried daughter: the elder is the wife of the Hon. Charles Winn, and is the mother of two little girls.

Lady Mary Cambridge's Marriage.

The Marchioness of Cambridge is at Badminton, and will not come to town until next week. She will then go to Chandos House, Cavendish-square, which Lord and Lady Shaftesbury are lending, and from which Lady Mary Cambridge will be married to-morrow week. Chandos House used to belong to Cora Countess of Strafford, who sold it last year.

A Greek Wife.

The Hon. Edward and Mrs. Stonor have been having an anxious time regarding the health of their son, who has just been operated upon for appendicitis. Mr. Stonor is her second husband, as she was a Mrs. Ralli when Mr. Stonor married her over twenty-four years ago. Mrs. Stonor is a Greek and has the dark eyes and good looks of many of her countrywomen.

Mayfair—and Why.

Saint Bartholomew's Fair is not by any means the only fair ever held in connection with a hospital. Mayfair itself owes its name to a fair established in connection with Saint James' lever house.

THE RAMBLER.





This hat has been specially designed for the races by Zytot et Cie., and is of black tulle and face trimmed flat pink roses.

BAZAAR HINTS.

DON'T LOOK MORE TO YOUR WARES THAN YOUR OWN WELL-BEING.

ESPECIALLY during the summer which, with hope triumphing over experience, we picture as a time of warm, sunny weather do bazzaars materialise. We are sure to have promised help or to take part wholeheartedly in at least one of these fatiguing ways of making money. So here are a few useful hints.

Save up all pieces of paper or paper bags, bits of string, which every household acquires, these will prove invaluable for feeding the stalls during sale time.

Don't let the stalls overlap each other. It will pay each stallholder to pass on any gift received to the stall which specialises in such an article.

When selling take stock of the hesitating, would-be buyer and bring to her notice the article which would be likely to attract her.

See that all articles are marked plainly, a little below the shop price.

The attraction of a stall lies in the freshness of the goods displayed. They must be absolutely unsoiled and each article should be laid out to advantage.

Begin early to ask your friends to do what they can, and beg pieces from their piece-bag, because it is from such trifles given that the made article derives its profit.

Look to your own comfort that you may be a good saleswoman.

Have a chair ready for what rest you can get, and let it be a real rest, in which mind as well as body is refreshed.

See that your meals are regular and sustaining that even the last day, usually the most fatiguing, may find you fit and useful.

Into the ever-useful bag you carry pop aspirin and eau de Cologne, which may prove a boon to others who have perhaps looked more to their wares than to their own well-being.

A most attractive "lucky dip" can be made in the form of a wedding cake.

Use for this a round cardboard hat-box, paint it white, and with a wedding cake in mind you can decorate it with the fascinating silver roses and wedding favours which will transform your hat-box into a wedding cake worthy of a princess.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

HOUSEWIVES who possess old candlesticks cannot do better than bring them into use as ornaments.

A pair of antique candlesticks, whether of metal, glass, wood or pottery, look very well on a wide mantel. Iridescent shades of pottery lend particular beauty to a room.

There are some women who are quite happy if they have a tiled hall, pink drawing-room, and an all blue and an all-pink bedroom with everything to match, and a red dining-room. In the House Beautiful there are such colours as lemon yellow, crimson, purple and black. The beaten track of orthodox blues and brick pinks is left far behind.

HOUSEHOLD HINT.

BEFORE sweeping a carpet get a dustpan full of grass from the lawn, and sprinkle it generously on the floor of the room to be "turned out." Sweeping it off lightly with a stiff broom. Dust and fluff particles adhere to the grass, which cleans the carpet's surface and freshens up the pattern. Grass thus used is of a pleasant odour than tea leaves—and is more efficacious.

WOMAN'S IDEA OF THE DERBY

WHY WE LOVE THIS RACE BEST OF ALL.

By PHILLIDA.

"I DON'T know anything about racing, but I always have a bit on the Derby," said the Ordinary Everyday Woman, scanning the "Derby Sensations" column of the evening paper.

And the Ordinary Everyday Woman summed up in these words the attitude of at least two-thirds of the feminine population of Britain towards racing.

The rest is divided between those who, born and bred in the stables, so to speak, take their Derby seriously, concerned with its sporting side rather than its thrills and frills, and those who are too busy putting up the summer curtains to take an interest in the doings of the day—and they don't count.

To wear a new frock and back the winner, even if it's only a shilling each way, is every woman's ideal of a perfect Derby.

Women adore racing purely and simply for the joy of making money.

The same instinct that draws us to the Bargain Counter renders us incapable of resisting a sweepstake, from a 3d. share upwards.

"My dear," says the Ordinary Everyday Woman to her husband five breathless minutes before the race is run, "I've decided to have a shilling on every horse, because then I'm bound to win."

It's really very simple—we don't care how much—or rather how little we win—so long as we are "in." Thrills are cheap at a shilling a head.

The amount of concentrated excitement which a woman with two shillings at stake will enjoy when waiting for the 3.30 edition cannot be imagined even by those millionaire men who have fortunes to win or lose.

No woman ever grudges the money she spent on her unsuccessful Calcutta Sweep ticket. It brought her roseate dreams of

romance and real silk stockings and was cheap at the price.

But for all her love of winning, woman, as a good loser, leaves man at the post.

Women love the Derby best, because the horses that are to run in this historic race have become romantic personalities.

We know nothing of those intriguing mysteries "form" and "odds" beyond what is explained to us by some tolerant male, and we neither care who owns the horse or who his fond parents were. You rarely hear a woman exclaim: "Is Carslake up?" or "I'm watching Donoghue." It's the horse that counts every time, and all women love horses.

Man, with that quaint conceit of his, still imagines it's jockey admiration that aways us. "I suppose you'll plump for the jockey with the straightest nose and the curliest hair," he'll say facetiously as we open the paper at "probable starters" this morning. It's their one little joke. Let them keep it!

If any horse can be "boomed" as having met with some accident or misfortune he is as sure of our backing as our sympathy.

Last year Pondoland was backed to a flapper. Why? Did not our hearts go out to him directly we heard about his famous boil?

To-day, if Town Guard came a complete cropper at the starting post, I believe every other woman would exclaim: "Poor darling, I'll take my half-crown off Ellangowan and put it on him each way."

So to-day the manager will run his own errands and the head clerk go without his morning coffee while the office flapper gets busy with a pen and a list of starters.

And if we still think more of pins than pedigrees, it's a much more exciting way of doing things—besides, women are lucky over racing, so it can't be such a bad way either.



Mrs. H. Card (left) and Lady Chesham at the Epsom meeting yesterday.

COLOUR ETIQUETTE.

SOME OF THE UNWRITTEN LAWS OF DRESSING.

IN the art of dressing both well and correctly there are certain unwritten laws which many people never learn. They really have to do with a sense of appropriateness, particularly about colour. One might call it "colour etiquette" for want of a better name.

For instance, how many smart women does one see turning up in black frocks at a wedding. Now, however lacy and unsubstantial your black, this is not complimentary. But if you must, let flesh-coloured silk stockings and a coloured hat take away from the aspect of sombre mourning.

How many girls, in the middle of summer,

wear light frocks and white shoes and stockings in town? This, unless you're driving everywhere in a Rolls-Royce, is bad form, slovenly (for they so soon get soiled), wasteful, and, in fact, stamps you.

No smart woman does it, even when she doesn't have to mount buses and struggle for tubes. Beige or grey, if you like, with stockings to match, but not white and not a cotton frock.

It doesn't matter what the type of your frock is. An almost sleeveless crepe-de-Chine, with a knotted belt and a shady hat, is quite right if it's grey or navy, but quite wrong if it's white!

ON DRESSING CHILDREN.

A PLEA FOR SIMPLICITY AND HARMONY OF COLOUR.

TO overdress a child is to gild the lily. All the natural charms of babyhood are hidden beneath a mass of ribbons and furbelows.

Naturally, some children are far easier to dress than others. They are built well, and have sturdy little limbs and an upright carriage.

Simplicity and freshness, however, are the two things that really matter. However ungainly a child is, elaborate and fussy clothing will not make it appear more beautiful.

Children need simple, yet picturesque dressing. Their clothing should be warm, but need not be heavy. One woollen garment is better than three or four cotton garments. They should never be muffled up. All clothing should be loose and airy, whilst shoes and socks should have the

greatest attention. Colour is another very important item. Babies as a rule love colour, and if they have a special fancy for a certain shade or tone it should be indulged in, as colour, more often than is supposed, has a great effect on certain baby temperaments.

No general rule, of course, can be laid down with regard to certain colours for certain children, but for indoor wear, frocks of soft shades are generally preferable to the hard, brilliant colours, such as letter-box red, kingfisher blue, emerald green, etc. These tones look splendid by the sea or for street wear in winter time.

Fair-haired, rosy-cheeked children look delightful in pastel shades—such as faded old-world colours—to show up in contrast their baby beauty and vitality and the freshness of their complexion.

Dark-haired babies look lovely in rose pinks and orange.



Let them get gloriously grubby sometimes.



Cleverly draped with soft tulle, and having long ends that wind themselves about the throat, this hat would be exceedingly becoming. (Zytot et Cie.)



If you don't care for tulle, you'll find black lace just as beautifying. (Zytot et Cie.)

WOMAN OF THE WEEK.

DIGNITY AND POISE GO HAND-IN-HAND WITH YOUTH.

AMONG all the bery of radiant youth and beauty to whom their first curtsy at their first Court is still a thing of wonderful memory, none made a greater impression than the seventeen-year-old daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lytton. For all her youth, Lady Hermione's dignity and poise during her presentation, which everyone will agree is a nerve-straining ordeal for a young girl, were everywhere admired and commented upon.

But shyness was conquered early in life by Lady Hermione, who at the age of five deputed for her mother in opening a bazaar at Stevenage.

Scorning the conventional opening, she announced, with simple eloquence: "The bazaar is open now."

Later, when someone handed her a basket of flowers she again rose to the occasion. "Thank you awfully," she cried with naive enthusiasm.



Lady Hermione Lytton.

WHY FOOD WAS SPOILT

NOTES YOU SHOULD STUDY.

WHY the omelet was tough.—You did not cook it sharply enough or you used too large a pan; the smallest size obtainable is suitable for an omelet containing two eggs.

Why the fritters were greasy and sodden.—You did not have the fat hot enough; it must be heated till it stops bubbling and a faint blue smoke rises. You must re-heat the fat, too, as you put in each batch of fritters, and the latter must be thoroughly drained on paper and eaten piping hot.

Why the grilled steak was dry.—You cooked it too much or too slowly; the fire should be clear and sharp, and about eight minutes should be allowed for a steak an inch thick.

Why the ground rice mould was lumpy.—You did not mix the ground rice smoothly with cold milk before cooking. This must be done, but it is added to the boiling milk and boiled steadily for about ten minutes. The ground rice must never be shaken in dry.

Why the pastry was hard.—You used too little fat and baked it in too slow an oven. Allow at least half fat to flour and bake it in a sharp oven at first, reducing the heat as the pastry cooks.

Why the chocolate icing was dull.—You did not stir over a very gentle heat.

PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

OFF TO THE RACES!

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS. Although Pip, Squeak and Wilfred don't know very much about the Derby, the famous horse race which is taking place this afternoon, they are all keenly interested in it. Every year, when the great day comes round, they start gaily off for the races. It would amuse you to see the various modes of travel they employ. Last year they simply went on "shanks' mare"; sometimes they go in a little cart; but this year they mean to do the thing in grand style, so they have set out in a won-

THE SECRET.

Why a Schoolboy is Happy All the Week.

There's not a day when I feel blue—Strange, you may think, and yet 'tis true. On Monday school begins again! With some it goes against the grain.

But I need not a comrade's cheer. For I am bright when Monday's here. On Tuesday, too, I feel quite gay. And Wednesday finds me just the same.

When Thursday comes I'm full of glee—A lot of fellows envy me. On Friday life is just as sweet; On Saturday I feel a treat.

What is the secret, you may ask, Of lightening my daily task?

"LORD OF THE LETTUCE."

Sad End to the Snail-and-Dormouse Derby Favourite.

ALl the Little Creatures in the garden were tremendously excited—it was the morning of their Derby Day, when the twenty finest thoroughbred snails, ridden by the most expert jockeys (dormice) competed in the greatest race of all the year.

The course—stretching from the gooseberry bushes to the cucumber-frame—was packed with spectators. All classes of creatures were there, from queen bees and gorgeous dragonflies to humble gnats and common flies.

All were fairly well behaved, except the bumble bees and the "bluebottles," who had been stuffing themselves with raspberry jam, and were very merry in consequence. The wasp policemen threatened to turn them off the course unless they stopped their buzzing. "Disgraceful!" cried the caterpillars and silk-worms from their stand. "Such vulgar people should be turned off the course at once!"

"They always misbehave on Derby Day," said a sedate stag-beetle. "There's only one place for them—a sticky fly-paper!"

WELL-BEHAVED BEES.

The bees, with their Queen in the centre, completely ignored everybody. They had brought their lunch with them, and occasionally sipped honey in a most genteel fashion.

"Here they come! Here they come!" screamed a cricket. Sure enough, from under the gooseberry bushes came the racing snails, each ridden by a perky little dormouse, all wearing their colours.

Now the beauty of the Little Creatures' Derby is that, unlike the real Derby, it lasts a tremendously long time, and consequently the pleasure and excitement of the race go on for a tremendously long time also.

SLEEPY DORMICE.

Some time was taken getting the snails to the starting post and waking up the dormouse jockeys who were constantly dozing and slipping off their backs.

As the crowd recognised their favourite racers there was a terrific buzzing and chirping and squeaking. There was My Lord of the Lettuce, a graceful creature, much fancied by a large section of the crowd. There was also Wonderful Yet-Croaking Charlie, Pappilon, Weir Winkle and other famous mounts.

"They're off!" cried the crowd. The great race had begun! Within five minutes My Lord of the Lettuce, closely followed by Weir Winkle, had passed Dandelion Corner—at least six inches from the starting post.

All agreed it was one of the finest races ever seen, although at least six of the snails were crawling rapidly in an opposite direction from the winning post and quite half of the jockeys were fast asleep. And then, alas! came a most startling interruption.

A hungry thrush swooped down and flew off with My Lord of the Lettuce and a frisky kitten made all the jockeys run for their lives.

High up in the air flew the thrush with the Derby favourite—it was very much to be feared that she was taking it to her nest as a breakfast for her hungry babies!

The kitten scampered round joyfully, but luckily all the dormouse jockeys managed to escape to their homes. As for the rest of the company they took very little time to disappear.

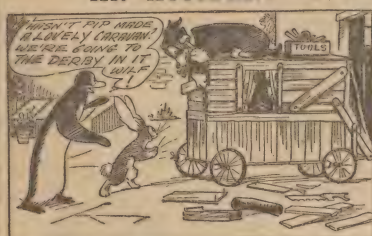
The bees flew off in a swarm to their hive; the bumble-bees went on their solitary journey among the clover; the earwigs lost no time in running up to the tops of the sunflowers in which they had their home. Within a very short time the once-crowded Derby course was completely empty—except for a few belated snails, who were positively racing to the cabbage patch.

B. J. L.

When is butter like children from Ireland?—When it is made into little Pats.

Why is a man at the theatre like a bad root?—Because he is a spectator, and a specked tater is a bad potato, and a bad potato is a bad root!

AN ACCIDENT TO PIP'S DERBY CARAVAN.



1. Pip had built a wonderful caravan to take Squeak and Wilfred to the Derby.



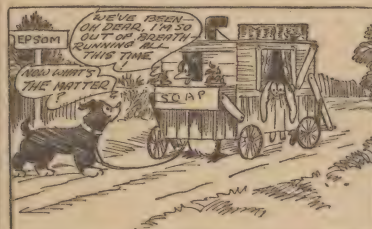
2. They started gaily off, and for some time all went well with the caravan.



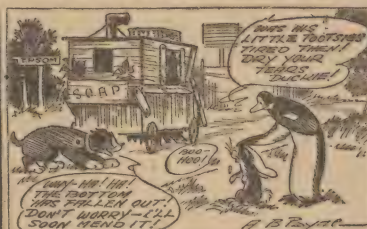
3. Suddenly, however, the bottom began to give way, and Squeak's feet came through!



4. She and Wilfred had to run as hard as they could go until Pip saw what had happened!



5. "We've been running all the way! It's too bad!" said Squeak, with tears in her eyes.



6. Pip soon mended the caravan, however, and they finished the journey in comfort.

derful caravan built by Pip specially for the occasion.

They generally have an accident on the way, and this year has not been an exception. I suppose Pip didn't put enough nails in his caravan, for the bottom fell out while it was going at full career, and poor Squeak and Wilfred had to run feverishly along inside it, until Pip discovered what had happened!

A ROADSIDE PICNIC.

I don't know if they have arrived at Epsom yet. Goodness knows what will happen when they do get there. Squeak is always very nervous in a crowd, and the excitement of the races is almost certain to be too much for her. The chances are, however, they will never arrive at all. Pip's caravans are not always the safest of vehicles, and even if the bottom doesn't fall out again, one of the wheels is sure to come off; or possibly Wilfred will slip out at the back, or Squeak find she has lost her bag. If they have another collapse they will probably sit calmly down and enjoy their "Derby picnic" by the roadside. They will be just as happy as if they had spent the day on Epsom Downs. I wish some grown-up could be so philosophical under disappointments and vexations. (Because the big words. I can't think of any others!)

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

It's this: Each day throughout the week I laugh at Wilfred, Pip and Squeak.

—W. S. L.

TEA-TABLE TALES.

"I SAY, mummy, mummy!" screamed little Peter, bursting into the room. "In the garden there's a huge stag—"

"Nonsense, my dear!" replied his mother.

"There are no stags near here."

"I hadn't finished, mummy," said Peter, demurely. "I was going to say 'in the garden there's a huge stag-beetle.'"

There was once a man who was very fond of eating cranes, and one day he noticed that the bird served up for his dinner had lost a leg. He was very annoyed, and more so when his cook said, "Why, sir, cranes have only one leg."

He took the cook out to a river near by, where there were several cranes. They were all standing with one leg tucked under their feathers, as these birds do. But the man cried, "Shoot!" and the birds flew away, showing both their legs.

"Ah, sir," replied his cook, "you should have said 'Shoo!' to the one I served up for dinner, and then his other leg would have appeared!"



"I love a good joke!"

A hungry thrush swooped down and flew off with My Lord of the Lettuce and a frisky kitten made all the jockeys run for their lives.

High up in the air flew the thrush with the Derby favourite—it was very much to be feared that she was taking it to her nest as a breakfast for her hungry babies!

The kitten scampered round joyfully, but luckily all the dormouse jockeys managed to escape to their homes. As for the rest of the company they took very little time to disappear.

The bees flew off in a swarm to their hive; the bumble-bees went on their solitary journey among the clover; the earwigs lost no time in running up to the tops of the sunflowers in which they had their home. Within a very short time the once-crowded Derby course was completely empty—except for a few belated snails, who were positively racing to the cabbage patch.

B. J. L.

When is butter like children from Ireland?—When it is made into little Pats.

Why is a man at the theatre like a bad root?—Because he is a spectator, and a specked tater is a bad potato, and a bad potato is a bad root!

CURATIVE HOT BATHS THAT STOP ANY GOUTY OR RHEUMATIC PAINS IN TEN MINUTES.

Thomas Haylock, late Physical Instructor City of London Police. Tug-of-War Olympic Champion, 1908, tells how he keeps free from all Uric Acid Disorders, Backache, Kidney Troubles, etc.

An excellent rule of health is "One good sweat a day." But many readers will say they have no time for all the necessary exercise, so I shall explain a substitute far more beneficial

but much less strenuous and time-consuming. You can obtain at slight cost from any chemist about a half-pound of the Roudel Bath Saltrates Compound, a small handful of which, dissolved in a hot bath, will produce a medicated and oxygenated curative bath. There is no other way in which these wonderful properties can be imparted to the water. Bathe in this "Reudulated" water and you will soon understand why sufferers travel to the thermal bath springs famous since Roman days, for the Saltrates contain exactly the same curative constituents found in the natural spring waters. We cannot improve upon a dozen "Tweats," Turkish Baths, or anything else. In specially severe cases, if you also wish to use an internal treatment, drink occasionally a level teaspoonful of the reudulated Saltrates in a tumbler of water. This is a wonderful, powerful, and efficient solvent and eliminant of uric acid.

Thomas Haylock

DISTRESS AFTER MEALS.

Troubles of a Weak Digestion.

There is one thing absolutely necessary to good digestion—rich red blood in your veins. This is a fact which every sufferer from indigestion should keep in mind when seeking relief from the distress which follows meals, flatulence and sourness. Impoverished blood impairs the activity of the gastric glands and weakens the muscles of the stomach. A tonic that is a remedy for thin blood will improve the digestion, and an improved digestion will hasten the correction of an anemic condition.

Dr. Williams' pink pills are a splendid tonic for the blood and nerves. They impart a healthy appetite and tone up the digestive organs so that food is assimilated and nourishes the body. They begin at once to build up the system weakened by excess or overwork. The rich red blood they make soon begins to show in cheeks and lips, the step is quicker, the brighter, and the good effect is felt in every organ of the body.

Begin Dr. Williams' pink pills now. Of chemists, or from address below, 3s. 6d. per box post free. Good for men and women too.

FREE.—All sufferers from indigestion should write at once to Mail Dept., 36, Fitzroy-square, London, W.1, for a free copy of instructive diet guide, "What to Eat." (Adv.)



Shave With Cuticura Soap

The healthy up-to-date Cuticura way. Dip brush in hot water and rub on Cuticura Soap. Then make lather on neck and rub in for a moment with fingers. Make a second lathering and shave. Avoid any irritation with Cuticura Ointment. There was no oil with Cuticura Soap. Soothing better for sensitive skins.

Sole U.S. Cuticura Co., 30, West 12th St., New York. Sole U.K. Cuticura Co., 30, West 12th St., London, W.1. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

TYPICAL SCENES ON COURSE AND ROAD FROM FORMER DERBY DAYS



Watching the finish, a picture which expresses the keen interest of all classes in the big classic race.



Portunna, the only candidate owned by a woman



Many scenes such as this will be found in today's huge crowd. Crown and anchor is displaying the three-card trick.



Mr. P. P. Gilpin, who trains Town Guard and Knockando, was smiling yesterday.



A typical Epsom Downs gipsy boy and his faithful companion at the races.



Town Guard (left) with Archibald up, during a race reported to be thoroughly successful.



A good place by the rails is found for the youngest man in the crowd, and the race has his full attention.



Mr. J. B. Joel's My Lord and V. Smyth going round Tattenham Corner.



A splendid aerial view of the famous course showing the direction of the race.

To-day's tremendous crowd on the road to Epsom and later on the famous course will probably surpass those of former Derby Days, so intense is the interest that will reach its climax at the finish.

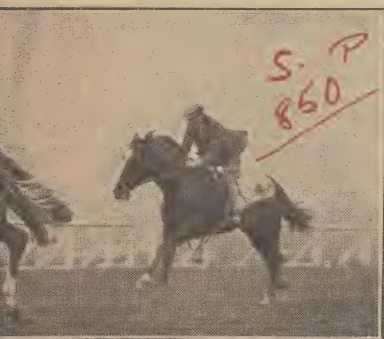
—THIS YEAR'S CANDIDATES GALLOPING YESTERDAY ON EPSOM DOWNS



Lady Nunburnholme, and (inset) his jockey, H. Beasley.



A typical Epsom crowd watching the horses come up the straight to make an exciting finish.



of his two good gallops at Epsom yesterday. He is ed from his serious mishap last week.



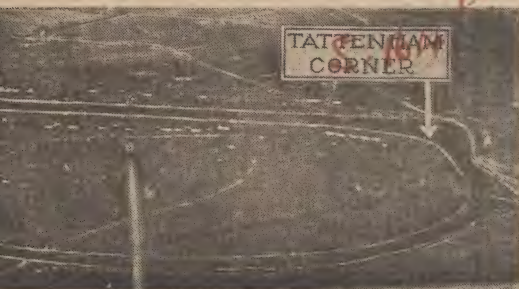
Another gipsy boy, with his favourite musical instruments—mouth-organ, tambourine and drumstick.



Mr. A. de Rothschild (right), owner of Doric, arriving at Epsom with Lord Glanely.



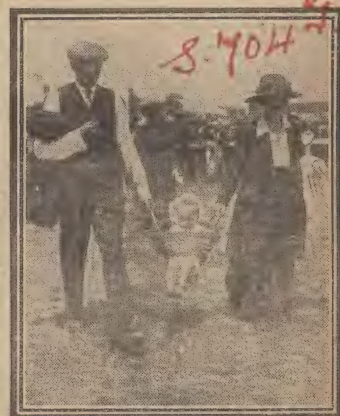
A family party on the road of all roads each Derby Day. They or others like them will be out this morning.



ult Tattenham Corner, where so many hopes have been wrecked.



Lord Astor's Saltash, with F. Bullock up, showing fine form yesterday.



Baby's basket ride to the Derby with father and mother. All ages as well as all classes throng to the race.

Afternoon, when the horses flash past the winning-post. Some of the leading candidates showed their form on the famous course yesterday, and Town Guard's gallop impressed the critics.

THE NEW
Rudge Four Speed
Motor Bicycle

A detailed line drawing of a vintage motor bicycle, likely a 1910s model. It features a large, boxy frame, a high seat, and a prominent front headlight. The wheels are spoked, and the overall design is characteristic of early 20th-century motorized transport.

3½ h.p. Rudge Sporting
Four Speed £75.

Why Four Speeds are better than three

While the top gear is high for fast work over normal roads, and the bottom gear is low enough to make certain of *any* hill, the steps down are not so great as in the case of three speed gears.

Gear changing on the Rudge Four Speed is too simple to neglect, and every gear is dead silent. The wheels have double helical teeth which are constantly in mesh, and all shafts have roller and

"Motor Cycling" says:—
"On the lower gears anything can be scaled on which wheel grip can be obtained—on top gear on one occasion

27 miles were covered in 54 minutes
with a passenger."

Scottish Six Days—100% Success. Three entered
—Three maximum awards.

London-Edinburgh Reliability Trial—Two Gold Medals.

Illustrated Art Catalogue sent free from

Rudge - Whitworth, Ltd.
(Dept. 403), Coventry;
and (Dept. 403), 230, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1.
Agents Everywhere.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS

DALY'S. To-day, 2.15 and 8.15. Mats. Wed and Sat, at 2.15. **THE MERRY WIDOW.**

DRURY LAKE—(Ger. 25889.) 2.15. 8. Mat, Wed, Sat.
2.15. NED KEAN OF OLD DRURY.
DUKE OF YORK'S, HER TEMPORARY HUSBAND.
Evgs, 8.30. Mats, Thurs and Sat, 2.30. (Last Week.)

CAIETY. JOSE COLLINS IN THE LAST WALTZ.
Eves, 8.30. Mat, to-morrow, 2.30. (Last 5 Perfs.)
GARRICK—(Gerr. 9.15.) 8.30 W. Sat. 2.30. (L. 5 Perfs.)

GLOBE-8.20. Wed, Fri, 2.20. "THE VOICE OUTSIDE." Followed at Evgs 9, Mats 3, by "AREN'T WE ALL?" **GOLDEN GREEN HYPNODROME**, Hamp. 6610. Nightly

8. "WHIRLED INTO HAPPINESS." Mat, Sat, at 2.30.
HAYMARKET. ISABEL, EDWARD and ANNE.
Eves, 8.30. Mats, Tu, Th, Sat, 2.30. Last 2 Weeks.
HIPPODROME—2.30 and 8.15. BRIGHTER LONDON.

HIS MAJESTY'S—8.30, Wed, Sat, 2.30. **HENRY AINLEY**
in—Oliver Cromwell, by John Drinkwater.
LITTLE—(Regent 2401.) **THE 9 O'CLOCK REVUE**
Every 9 Mute Men and The 9.45 Jock Mac

LYCEUM—Tonight, 7.45, Bramsey Williams in "David Copperfield," 7s. 6d. to 8d. (Gerr. 7617.)

LYRIC—2.15, 8.15. Wed, Sat, 2.15. "LILAC TIME."
A Play with Music by Schubert. (Ger. 3687.)
LYRIC, H'SMITH—2.30, 8.15. THE BEGGAR'S OPERA
Mats. W d Sat, at 2.30. 1,242nd PERE, TO-NIGHT.

MASKELYNE'S THEATRE near Oxford Circus. 3 and 8
EASTERN AND WESTERN MAGIC, etc., etc.
NEW—(Reg. 4466.) **MATHESON LANG** in "THE BAI
MAN." At 2.30 and 8.30. (Last 4 Performances.)

NEW OXFORD 8.30. Sat. 2.30. "COMMENT ON
ECRIT L'HISTOIRE" and "UN SUJET DE ROMAN."
NEW OXFORD Tomorrow at 2.30. ELONORA DIS-

in Ibsen's "Lady from the Sea." Mats, 12, 14, 19, 21, 26.
PALACE. Irving Berlin's "MUSIC BOX REVUE."
 Nightly 8.20. Mats, Tues, Thurs, Sat, 2.30.
PLAYHOUSE. Gladys Cooper. "MAGDA."

PRINCE OF WALES—(Gerr. 7482.) 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30
Anglo-American Scream "SO THIS IS LONDON!"
QUEEN'S. BLUEBEARD'S 8th WIFE. Evgs. 8.30

REGENT, King's X—(Museum 3180.) **THE INSECT PLAY**
Nightly, 8.30. Mats, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. (Last Week.)

SAVOY—Tonight, 8.15. **POLLY.** Mats. Mon, Thurs. Sat. 2.30. **PITT CHATHAM.** **LILLIAN DAVIES.**
ST. JAMES'S. To-day 2.30, 8.30. Mats. Wed, Fri. 2.30
THE OUTSIDER. Isobel Elsom and Leslie Faber.

ST. MARTIN'S—Evgs, 8.30. R.U.R. Mat, Fri, Sat, 2.30
 "The talk of the town."—Morning Post.
 SCALA (New). THE MARIONETTE PLAYERS
 To-day, 2.30. "Puss in Boots." 8.30. "The Magpie."
 CHATELAIN'S 4000 6666

STRAND—At 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. Pauline Lord is O'Neill's "ANNA CHRISTIE." G. Marion, F. Shannon
VAUDEVILLE—8.30. Tu. Wed. Fri. 2.30. **DAT**

WINTER GARDEN. **THE CABARET GIRL**
Nightly, at 8. Mats. Thurs and Sat. 2.15.
WYNDHAM'S—Gerald du Maurier in "THE DANCERS."

PALLADIUM—(Ger. 1004.) 2.30, 6, 8.45. Veterans of the World War. The World War. The World War. The World War.

NEW GALLERY. De-cent-st—Wallace Reid in "THE
WORLD'S CHAMPION" (from play by A. E. Thomas).
PAVILION, Marble Arch. Last Week of "SOULS FOR
SALE." (Goldwyn.) Daily 2.45, 6.0. Sun 6.20.

PHILHARMONIC. St. Portland-st-Daily, 2.30 and 8.30.
"ROMANTIC INDIA." Love'l Thomas. Sunday, 7.30.
POLYTECHNIC HALL.—The Wonder'and of Big Game.
 Thrice Daily, 2.30, 5.15 and 8.30. 1s. 3d. to 5s. 9d.

STOLL PICTURE THEATRE, Kingsway—1.45 to 10.30.
Tom Douglas in *Free Air, Land of the White Elephant*.



You can do useful things with newspapers.

SOME HOME CRAFTS

A LITTLE SKILL WILL EARN MANY PENNIES.

IF you live at home and the family exchequer doesn't run to an allowance, why not start making something your friends will be glad to buy?

Home crafts like leather work or glove-making require a course of expert tuition, but there are lots of other things that only want a little practice for you to make perfectly.

Hatmaking is one, and a nice, profitable hobby too!

It is surprising what a variety of materials can be plaited or knitted or crocheted into hats. One girl I know gets the ordinary bundles of bass florists sell for tying up flowers. She knits this loosely into long strips rather over an inch wide, which she makes up, like hat straw, into really delightful beach and garden hats, both for children and grown-ups.

Another makes quite a nice little sum by knitting coloured raffia in the same way and also crocheting it into charming and very uncommon-looking hats.

She pops these over a light wire shape you can easily learn from any millinery paper to make for yourself, and if you wind some raffia tightly round the wire it won't show.

Then there are the multi-coloured straw plaits which are now so cheap. These, made up over a wire or buckram frame, then neatly lined withorgette and tied round the crown with a wide, soft satin ribbon, make ideal hats for tennis or river wear.

Of course, you must let it be known that you are willing to accept orders. Friends can do a lot to help in this respect, or, if you prefer, you may be able to find a shop where they will either buy your work outright or agree to sell it for you on a commission basis.



Learn which is your best expression and make use of it.

EFFECT OF EXPRESSION.

DETAILS THAT COUNT FOR BEAUTY.

WOMEN who make up should be sure that they are creating the impression they wish to effect. A misplaced line is liable to alter the entire expression and add years to the appearance.

The forehead, for instance, has much more to do with expression than the majority of people are aware. Some women powder their forehead white and then brush the hair back from it.

They believe they have created the impression of youth. Instead they have made their face look expressionless and vacant.

A white forehead, high and unshadowed, kills all expression.

If the hair is too near the eye line it gives a dark angry look. If it forms a hard, stiff line it makes one look serious and hard. But if the hair is fluffed out prettily round the face or drawn softly back, concealing part of the forehead, it helps to give a pleasing expression.

Heavy eyebrows that meet in the middle make one look sullen and mean. If the eyebrows are too far apart they make the person look blank and stupid. Heavy eyebrows make the face look coarse and heavy. A thin, well-shaped eyebrow makes the face look delicate, sensitive and refined. Eyebrows that are too low give the face a sullen, cross expression. Too high an eyebrow gives the face a vacant, empty look.

Oversea Settlement

THE FEMININE MIGRATION QUESTION.

"EMIGRATION"—what a varying sound it has to different ears. To those who dwell in the past there comes a picture of ships uncomfortably crowded with human beings who had failed to make good here and were carrying broken hearts overseas. To another, the word recalls a breaking with home ties and the hope that the black sheep would recover his early innocence in that unknown land far away. While to the many who have made the venture with hope and goodwill the word means simply the better chance.

Women have ever been regarded as home-makers. It is time they realised the chances now offered to them by emigration, chances which in this crowded island of ours are difficult to come by, where competition is so keen and where women outnumber the men by two million.

There in the Dominions as home-companions women can find employment, good wages, healthy surroundings and a far better chance of soon becoming home-makers in the best and truest sense of the word.

Assisted passages are offered to them, companionship on the voyage, counsel as to what is needed, introductions and welcome on arrival.

Those skilled in other occupations, such as dressmaking, shop management, hospital nursing, art, teaching and horticulture and possessing capital, would be well advised to go out with introductions such as the Society for the Oversea Settlement of British Women can give them. They will soon get to know the way of life in the Dominions and find their niche. If without capital, such women should fit themselves to do cooking and other household work (and what woman is not the better for understanding such things?) and take up work in a family. Here they would earn good wages, learn the customs of the country, and later probably find the opening they desired.

Whoever goes out should go young in years, healthy in body and genuinely keen to work hard.

She should make friends with the Women's Branch of the Oversea Settlement Office at 3-4, Clement's Inn, London, and get all the information she can from them.

Many other agencies give similar help and advice throughout the country, such as the employment exchanges and the Dominion agencies.

There is help to be had—it only wants to be widely known. **DAME MERIEL TALBOT.**



See that there is something different about yours, and they'll be popular.

PERFECT PICNICS.

SOME ORIGINAL ITEMS FOR JADED PALATES.

SO this is June—the month which tradition has consecrated to picnics. Certainly the present weather is not very conducive to the rigorous upholding of that tradition, but in all our hearts there is a tiny, hidden hope that one morning we may wake up, and quite soon too, to real sunshine.

And just in case those hopes are fulfilled, what about thinking out some really original plans for future picnics?

Let us leave behind all the tiresome old conventions of stringy ham sandwiches and chicken mayonnaise, which are, despite their undoubted niceness, apt to pall.

An ingenious little friend of mine has made an amusing picnic basket out of a square cardboard hat box, covered with scraps of the gayest chintz. Two little wooden handles, easily obtainable at about twopenny apiece at any ironmonger, have converted it into an extremely practical receptacle.

At a picnic which she gave on one of those deliciously warm days at the beginning of last month, she filled the box with: (1) A salad composed of fresh, crisp chicory and olives; (2) piping hot Julienne soup, kept at the right temperature in a thermos flask; (3) cold roast pigeons stuffed with chestnuts; and (4) gooseberry shortcake.

All these delicious viands are, contrary to the popular traditions on the subject, perfectly easy to carry, and form a most agreeable change for jaded palates.

A festive spirit can be introduced into picnics, too, by the introduction of little novelties, such as bluebirds made out of stiff paper, for instance, in which are concealed paper serviettes.

A small packet of pop-corn should be added to the hamper, together with a collapsible "popper," and after lunch, if a small fire be built with twigs, much enjoyment may be derived from "popping" the corn over the flames, an enjoyment to which the open air gives new zest.

Unconventionality should also be applied to everyday meals.

BEAUTY HINT.

A GOOD exercise for cultivating grace in the hand is to rest the tip of the middle finger on an object on a level with the shoulder, then slowly and with relaxing muscles lift the wrist as high as it will go and lower it, holding the arm as still as possible. Repeat twenty times with each hand.

GRACEFUL HANDS.

PLUMP, flexible wrists are quite as necessary as beautiful hands. The following exercise combined with gentle massage and a fattening cream will coax the thinnest of hands into beauty.

Hold the arms straight out in front, shake the hands up and down at least twenty times, then from side to side twenty times. Holding them in the same position, describe circles with the finger-tips, first backward and then forward.

With the arms straight out to the sides at shoulder level, make a tight fist of the hand, then open suddenly, spreading the fingers as wide apart as they will go. Do this twenty times or more.



Mirror and lamp are framed in chintz.

TINNED PINEAPPLE.

TEMPTING DISHES DEvised FROM THIS WELL-TRIED AND FAVOURITE FRIEND.

EVERYONE likes tinned pineapple for its rich, refreshing, flavour. Sliced canned pineapple is deservedly one of the most popular of dessert fruits.

Here are several simple tempting ways to use it for attractive hot-weather treats.

Bird of Paradise Salad.—Heat the syrup drained from one can of pineapple and half a cupful of water to boiling point. Add two and a half tablespoonfuls of gelatine, softened in a quarter cupful of cold water. When dissolved add a quarter teaspoonful of salt, half a cupful of chopped walnuts and all but half a cupful of the tin of pineapple, which has been grated.

Pour into a mould. When cold turn out on to a dish and heap the remainder of the pineapple on the top. Garnish with lettuce and walnuts. Serve with mayonnaise.

Pineapple Whip.—Add half a cupful of sugar to one and a quarter cupfuls of crushed canned pineapple. Beat the white of four eggs until stiff and fold into the pineapple. Put into a buttered baking dish and bake for twenty minutes in a slow oven. Serve cold with a custard made as follows: Scald two cupfuls of milk. Beat the yolks of three eggs slightly; add a quarter cupful of sugar and one-eighth teaspoonful of salt. Stir constantly while adding the hot milk. Strain and add one tablespoonful of pineapple juice.



What causes the Radiant Beauty of the Teeth?

Look in your mirror and, if your teeth are normal, you will see ridges that run up and down and across them. These ridges divide the surface of the enamel into main and secondary planes and sub-divide them into miniature waves and facets which are visible only through a powerful magnifying glass.

It is this formation of tiny waves and facets which, radiating the light from every angle, produces the glorious lustre and sheen of perfect teeth.

Attractive in itself, this exquisite crystalline surface protects the teeth. Once lost it can never be regained. Harsh substances, fruit, or too hard toothbrushes wear it away. The more delicate markings and facets go first, then the larger planes. The teeth become more dead, dull and artificial-looking, until

the enamel is worn through and decay sets in. To preserve the light facets and so ensure a lifetime of perfect, beautiful teeth use Gibbs Dentifrice twice a day.

Gibbs Dentifrice contains no grit, its polishing agent being of the exact degree of firmness to clean and polish without risk of harm to the facets of the enamel. It dissolves all gross food deposits; penetrates every tiny interstice and crevice of the teeth and mouth and neutralises the acids formed by fermenting food-debris.



Gibbs Dentifrice

Largest 11/-, Do. Large 7/6
Retail 5/-, Do. Small 3/6
Popular Size 1/-, 6d. & 3d.

"THE FORTRESS OF IVORY CASTLES"

(Sequel to "Ivory Castle Fairy Book") FREE!

Send for a copy of Gibbs NEW BOOK, "THE FORTRESS OF IVORY CASTLES"—an enthralling fairy story. The children will revel in the beautifully illustrated pages, and in the adventures of Peter and Ford and all the quaint and wonderful characters. With the "Fortress of Ivory Castles Fairy Book" is sent a useful size sample of Gibbs Dentifrice. Simply write your name and address clearly on a sheet of paper, enclose 4d. in stamps for packing and postage, and post to D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd. (Dept. 1D), Cold Chain Road Works, London, E.C.



Mr. CHERRY KEARTON, The World-Famous Naturalist and Big Game Hunter, writes: "Shortly my adventure film, 'Wild Life Across the World,' which my distributors claim to be the most remarkable film of wild animal life ever produced, will be seen in all the leading cinemas in the country, from which the public will appreciate the strength of nerve required to be in close contact with wild animals in their natural surroundings, together with the constant danger of tropical diseases always prevalent in countries where the thermometer is sometimes at 120 degrees in the shade. For many years Phosferine has always formed part of my kit, and I can testify with pleasure as to its nerve-giving and sustaining properties."

PHOSFERINE

The Greatest of all Tonics

The Easy Way to Health

Nerve Troubles—Neuralgia—Neuritis, whatever the form—can be effectively dispelled by taking a few drops of Phosferine night and morning. Phosferine fortifies the system against attack and successfully promotes a vigorous healthy state.

Liquid & Tablets. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.

Light and Pleasant to wear—

Phillips 'President'
Featherweight Rubber Soles

Quite Invisible; make smart shoes last for months and months.



2/-
PER PAIR
All Bootmakers



INDIGESTION CURED WITHOUT DRUGS.
58 DOCTORS GIVE ADVICE IN FREE BOOK.

If you suffer from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, or any other Stomach Trouble, send for the Free Book just published for your benefit, and giving a formula which has already cured thousands, and will do the same for you.

Dr. Brailhwaite says: A glance at the formula will convince the most sceptical of its great value. Doctors have for years been trying to find a cure for Indigestion, and the Free Book will show how easily the problem is solved. Your food can now be digested for you, giving your stomach a chance to have a rest, and restoring the system to normal conditions in a very short time.

No more fullness after food, no more wind, spasms, or heartburn: simply send your name and address to day to the Lactopeptine Laboratory (Dept. L22), 46-47, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1, and the book of advice will reach you by return.

SEND 1/3 FOR TRIAL PACKAGE. POST FREE.

Cerebos

Salt



IN THE NEW
PATENT POURER PACKAGE

DAILY MIRROR REFLECTIONS

Vol. XVI.

Contains all the best of W. K. Haselden's
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Including:

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GWEN AND BETTY AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

PRICE **1/-** net,
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The Daily Mirror, 25-29, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

THIS DELIGHTFUL NEW SERIAL ROMANCE BEGINS TO-DAY

THE LITTLE LADY

By ERIC MAXWELL

CHAPTER I.

THE Little Lady thoughtfully drew out the osier rod which fastened the lid and folded back a French newspaper of antique date. Then she looked up and brushed her hair from her eyes before shaking loose the flowers which lay cleverly packed in the basket.

She was wondering just how long she must go on unpacking baskets and selling their fragrant cargoes to the rich; and the more she wondered about her future the more amazed she became at the thought of her two years' proprietorship of the flower shop.

Perhaps you know that shop—or, rather, knew it—for it is now many months since it fell into strange hands.

It stood in Carnival-street, Portman-square, just where you least expected to find it. For Carnival-street, despite its name, was mostly tenanted by dentists. It was a red shop then. It may be any colour now. Yes, a red shop, its window encaused in red, above which the name "Fleurette et Cie" stood out in dazzling white upon a red ground.

All the year round that window was bright with flowers, with ferns, with packets of seeds, and tomatoes arranged in strange patterns according to the Little Lady's fancy. Sometimes it was a heart pierced by an arrow of tomatoes; sometimes a series of tomato rings, one inside the other.

It was just after the war that the Little Lady driven by circumstance, took over the shop and created the firm of "Fleurette et Cie," the French title being a whim of her own and incidentally a pretty fair estimate of what attracts the denizens of that peculiar neighbourhood.

She drew out the osier rod and shook the blooms which had been flattened by the journey from the Mediterranean. Then she glanced sidelong at the assistant kneeling in the window arranging the tomatoes. She expected an answering glance and a word of appreciation, but the assistant was busy—and he rather liked being busy.

With a smile, she turned back to her work and her thoughts.

When death had roughly snatched away her father, the Lieutenant-Colonel, she had been faced with the necessity of going forth and gaining a living in the manner in which most livings are gained, by hard work. The question had been what sort of work?

She had purposely avoided anything which might flavour of the "distressed gentlewoman." That was the last thing she wanted to be. She had no intention of being either distressed or any more than an ordinary woman. The very title "distressed gentlewoman" classed one so completely with funeral wrens and made one instantly an object of pity.

Business? There were so many kinds of business—and it had only occurred to her while walking idly in Covent Garden Market that in flowers lay her salvation.

Flowers had always meant a great deal to the Little Lady, ever since she had first run about her mother's big garden in Surrey and watched that almost forgotten lady cut armloads of white-coloured roses from her pergolas and trellises.

Even the War, which had been ugly and unbelievable and had taken her father away from her, had meant flowers, flowers in the long sunny yards of the Officers' Hospital in Kensington Gore, flowers for the beautiful, beautifully-gowned mothers and sisters and beloveds.

Then she had said to herself, standing amidst the oddly assorted market crowd of porters and draymen—"Flowers it shall be." And in that moment she had bought the flower shop in Carnival-street, managed by a Little Lady with grey eyes and auburn hair.

Her decision had entailed a few visits to her lawyer, the old man in Lincoln's Inn Fields who still offered his clients plum cake and sherry at mid-morning and was a little grieved at the idea of the Lieutenant-Colonel's daughter taking up "trade."

The Little Lady had brushed aside his lack of enthusiasm. She excused him to herself because he had side-whiskers and resembled someone in Dickens.

Followed a hunting after shops, a visiting of agents, and an obtaining of Cards to View. The lawyer did not stir from the sherry-white wine atmosphere of his office to accompany these expeditions. But he sent his older daughter, Janet, who wore a long skirt and a high collar like a cage of net, Janet who disapproved of the Little Lady and took good care to rub in the disadvantages of each shop in turn.

Yet when at length they came upon the shop, even Janet was forced to admit its charm and convenience. She was guilty of pulling out the cash drawer and referring to it as "a love" and of almost swooning over the room back of the shop itself which would make so admirable a bed-sitting-room for her charge, the newly-constituted shopkeeper.

The arrangements with the agent were soon made. Indeed, Janet carried them off with so high a hand and so intimate an acquaintance with the legal position that the clerk was left speechless.

The Little Lady moved into the room, imported odds and ends of furniture which remained to her from her father and which, during his lifetime, had moved with them to and from the various houses of their occupation.

In that room, against a setting of dove-grey

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He longed, with the longing of four years' restraint, to tell her the tale of his love. . . . He wanted to take her in his arms, to crush her to him, to kiss the red lips which showed like a thread of scarlet in the half-light.

wallpaper certain of these relics had blossomed into a strange beauty, which they had certainly never possessed when huddled together by the Lieutenant-Colonel's unspiced hands.

An oak dresser, when set by itself and loaded with dull blue cups and saucers, was voted "splendid" by Janet. A Cromwell stool became a delightful and convenient table for old books and the one ash tray.

The Little Lady did not smoke. Then why the ash tray? Ah, but that leads on to a man, who loved to hammer out his great dark pipes on its edge and litter it with the remnants of cigarettes.

The house and shop fittings once set in order, it had become imperative that the Little Lady buy a notebook with an elastic band round it and a pencil with a tin top; further, that she should stray into that mysterious fruit-scented market of Covent Garden and argue with wholesalers about one thing and another, joting figures and strange trade abbreviations into her book.

In all this she had the assistance of the man who smoked dark pipes, who was consideration itself, and more than useful in bargaining and "back-answering."

After these passages of arms there followed in quick succession the painting of the name, "Fleur et Cie" by signwriter with blue eyes and one arm missing, the printing of paper bags and billheads and the engaging of the assistant.

The man had been inclined to laugh at the assistant, who smoked woodbines and had only a bone stud where tie and collar should have been. But something in the assistant's fat nose and freckles and the fact that his hair was only a less refined shade than her own aroused confidence and sympathy in the Little Lady's tender heart.

And when his mother had come round from the Mews to assure her that he was "a grand lad," she could do nothing but engage him upon the spot.

That was all two years ago, two years which had passed like a dream, which had stood for hard work and patience and sudden astonishing periods of happiness.

Trade had been very good. The situation of the shop invited a whole circle of customers, who were constantly discovering that they needed flowers to adorn the dining-tables of Lower Seymour-street and Portman-square.

It became rather a last-minute business, with footmen and chauffeurs hurrying into the little red shop at the strangest of hours in order to make good their mistresses' commissions. This had meant a living for the Little Lady. She had, after six months, begun to save. She spent a good deal on books, not difficult books that might have worried her and put ideas into her head, but books about men and women who fell in love and married, in which heroines were always blue-eyed and heroes had strong jaws and musical deep voices.

This morning of March, when she was teasing the twisted carnations into form by clipping and dipping them into warm water, her thoughts strayed in the direction of those strong-jawed heroes and the likelihood of one of them appearing in her industrious life.

Damn those corners! she calculated the assistant, settling back on his haunches and regarding vindictively a small crowd of boys gathered beyond the window-glass and mocking his attempt at arranging his employer's favourite tomato pattern.

Never mind them. Alec, do you feel anything in the air?

"Might be drains," opined the assistant, sniffing at the peat-scented atmosphere of the shop as well as the flatness of his nose would permit.

"I didn't quite mean a smell, Alec; a sort of excitement, as if this were a special day, different from other days."

"Can't say as I do, Miss Barbara," replied the assistant sympathetically.

Then he brightened. "Of course they are hanging the Wembley murderers this morning. My dad went early to stand outside the prison."

"He'd far better be earning an honest penny for a change," answered the Little Lady, shaking her auburn curls and untying the apron of green easement cloth which she usually wore in the shop. "I shall drive down to Ginoletto's to ask why he hasn't sent those arms I ordered for Lady Parminter. Mind the shop, Alec—and if Mr. Cowdry calls tell him that I expect him for supper to-night, eight sharp, and he must bring a tin of herrings." Saying which she jammed a little hat of soiled brown suede over her curls and ran through the shop to where a cart, bearing the legend "Fleur et Cie," stood alongside the kerb.

SPIRIT OF SPRING.

IN the scented darkness of the shop, Barbara Crane was scarcely noticeable. In her green apron she was no more than an ordinary girl behind the counter.

Only when she put on the little brown hat and the fawn overcoat and climbed into the cart did it become apparent that she was more than ordinarily beautiful.

As the horse clipped his way into Baker-street the March winds brought a soft colour to her cheeks, the wonderful colouring of red-haired people which is a glowing blush from eyes to mouth. The lips were red, full and sweet, inviting kisses. Her little chin was elfin, and this peculiarity lent to her face an elishness which accorded with the deep grey eyes.

She looked so pretty standing there in the cart, that the assistant had to raise his eyes from the tomato pattern and wink a knowing wink to himself. He was thinking of Peter Cowdry, who would be round any minute to call on the Little Lady, and who was to be instructed to buy a tin of herrings.

As she drove along the Little Lady was troubled. She knew that this morning was somehow different from the other mornings. But she could not make out wherein this difference lay. She was not expecting anything, and she could not feel the atmosphere was tingling with expectation.

Along Oxford-street the March wind blew high the skirts of the passers-by, who scurried on their way like children of the wind laden with string bags and bunches of early daffodils.

The air was clean, the streets were clean. Somehow the Little Lady wanted to leave her cart and run along the pavements, dancing and singing.

"Really," she thought, chirruping to the horse, "I must be going to pieces. Whoever heard of such a thing? Dancing and singing? At the corner of Oxford-street she saw a man and a girl standing with hands joined staring into each other's eyes.

Something in the tremulous lips of the girl and the man's head thrown happily back tugged at her heart. It was March, the beginning of spring, and she had no one to look at her in quiet way, no one with whom to share the season.

Of course, there was Peter Cowdry. But he was only—Peter Cowdry, dear friend and companion whom she had met in the Officers' Hospital, and who had helped her over the hard times of the past two years.

Twice he had proposed to her, once at the hospital when he was recovering from the

wound in his thigh; a second time, more passionately, a few months after the inauguration of the little red shop.

She had refused him, with a little pain at her heart, because he so obviously needed someone.

Dear Peter! In her eyes, he stood for all that was best and most desirable in men, their fine qualities of simplicity and steadfastness. She had valued his friendship all the more because once she had come cruelly into contact with the other kind of man.

Maurice van Rikken, that had been his name. Not so long ago he had shown her the beast in himself, the contempt in which he and his like held the good name of women. Sometimes, at nights, she could still see his eyes staring at her in a glance which burned to her brain, hear his voice, so soft, so infinitely suggestive.

Trouble with the horse broke across her delightful train of thought. When she had quieted his terror of the swirling traffic, it was to see an expensive grey motor hurry by, from the back of which someone in a silver hat waved a gloved hand to her.

"Lady Parminter!" said the Little Lady, so loudly that she quite frightened the policeman on point duty—and then again, thoughtfully "Lady Parminter."

Of course, she detested Lady Parminter, who had known her poor handsome father and talked of him as if he had been a criminal and not a dear, unpretentious fellow; Lady Parminter, who had her haughty footman to buy the flowers from Fleur et Cie, and no doubt explained to her friends that she did it out of kindness to "poor Alan's" daughter.

But it was not the reminder of her ladyship alone which so depressed the Little Lady, but the remembrance of the unhappy time before "poor Alan's" death, when she had allowed herself to be caught up in the Parminter set and shown about the place by the same undisputed relative. Besides, she had half suspected Lord Parminter of dragging her father into the financial schemes which he never understood and which always landed him in predicaments.

The Parminters were giving a dance soon in their house in Green-street and an elaborate invitation to the same stood on the Little Lady's mantelpiece, propped against a stupid china cat.

That with the remembrance of the Parminters and the thought of unhappy Peter Cowdry and the realisation that something was lacking in this spring weather, she turned the cart most unhappily into the corner of her shop.

Even Signor Ginoletto's broad southern face, his waxed corkerew of a moustache, could not bring the accustomed smile to her grey eyes. She loathed the reins waiting for her, and she loathed him into the corner of her shop.

Together they waded through cabbage leaves and tangle-bast, to arrive at the little glass case in which the senior was accustomed to receive his lady customers.

"It is spring again," he observed faintly, when the Little Lady was perched insecurely on a high stool. "What does Guglielmo Shakespear say? 'In the spring—' You know that?"

"All I know, Signor, is that you omitted yesterday to send me the four baskets of arms you promised. Do you call that business?"

"Ecco, I am desolated," he protested, wistfully waving his arms. "I forgot. Signorina!"

"That is a crime. It is these cursed winds of March which have blown my wits away. The spring is in my blood."

The spring is no excuse, Ginoletto. She only addressed him as Mr. when she was angry with him. "We must not be affected by it like silly housemaids and milkmen."

"It is easy to see that something is wrong with the Signorina. A lovers' quarrel, you know? The Signorina is usually so charming. She quite steals Ginoletto's heart."

She was forced to smile. "Don't let your wife hear that. I have no desire to be stilettoed!"

They broke off to talk of business, the price of flowers, the prospects of the season in France and Italy, anemones, jasmine, asparagus fern, and so on.

"I have arms to-day," he told her, "from my dear Signor Champaign at Les Cypres, who grows more lilies than anyone else on the Côte d'Azur. Lilies for Lady Parminter. They are, themselves, a little like lilies, these English cowpods."

"There is no time for love when you have to work," said the Little Lady, brushing away a stray rebellious curl.

"We were talking of lilies, not love," smiled Ginoletto.

The Little Lady laughed. Ginoletto's sleeveless son, Luigi, had placed the four long baskets in her cart. She and the fat Italian walked to the door of the shop. Somewhere outside a voice was crying—

"Ah, Fleur et Cie."

"Could I forget my sweet Fleur et Cie?"

"A good omen for the business," said Ginoletto, sneaking of the unseen singer. "Who could forget the Signorina?"

"Father, mother is coming," cried the boy, fending the fat Italian's nose with a crushed apple picked from the litter of the street.

"Oh!" said the father, like a child caught at his mischief. "To work, to work!" He swept off his broad black hat with a fine flourish and followed his wife into the shop.

The sky was so blue and the clouds so like handfuls of cotton wool that the Little Lady was

(Continued on page 18.)

THE LITTLE LADY (Continued from Page 17)

forced to respond to the call of the young season and sing to herself as she clattered about.

"Ah, Fleurette . . . Perked up, aren't you, miss?" remarked the assistant as he carried the baskets to the counter. "Sold six bunches and one pair of two toolips—and a lady came in for a dozen roses. It does seem a shame that they should be that 'vice'."

"I hope you don't talk like that to the customers," began the Little Lady severely.

The assistant pretended not to hear. "Chap came in for two," he announced loudly.

"Mr. Cowdrey. I hope you gave him my message about to-night."

"Wasn't Cowdrey."

"Oh!" The Little Lady betrayed surprise and interest as she tied on the green apron.

"Dark sort of chap. Blue suit."

"Who could it have been?"

"Not the slightest," remarked the assistant, who apparently had little belief in the mysterious stranger.

"Was he tall?"

"Well, not exactly tall now."

"Curly hair?"

"Sort of straightish, I reckon."

"He wouldn't give a name?" asked the Little Lady, elaborately casual.

"Not even an alias."

"I don't suppose it was anything very much. Probably the man about the water."

The Little Lady tried to appear indifferent, yet all the time she remembered with extraordinary clearness the springtime couple holding hands in a fairy Oxford-circus.

FISH SUPPER:

"As you seem determined to give that little heart of yours to someone," said Peter Cowdrey, flourishing the fin-opener, "why not present it to me? You know I'd accept it."

"Old Peter, I'm awfully sorry." Her gaze fell for a moment. "I know all about that, and it makes me grieve dreadfully that I can't be any more to you. But we've had the matter out, we two, haven't we? Do you remember the garden at Leyden House—the wounded in chairs and on crutches, you and I beneath the laburnum trees—and me saying no to you? Does the memory hurt, Old Peter?"

Peter Cowdrey, tall, blue-eyed, with the clear skin and eyes of an outdoors man, was good to look upon. That was why the Little Lady linked the over-present question of their mutual relationship. It somehow wasn't right to hurt him.

He had not answered her question. Perhaps it did hurt, deep down, more agonising than the slight wound had ever been. He stared at the oval tin of herrings and hesitated a moment before plunging with the opener.

She helped him out by turning the subject. "It's so good of you, Peter, to leave your flat and your club to come to Carnival-street for a supper of tinned fish and toast and cheese."

"Sounds damned indigestible when you say it like that," he chipped in.

She took no notice. "What would our friend Lady Pamunter say of hobnobbing over a herring?" She would hardly syncretise the beauty of a relationship based on fish alone.

Peter smiled. "That's where we differ, Barbara, she and I. She may be my aunt, but she was never able to dole to me. She hasn't been very kind to you, Little Lady—and I owe her a grudge for that."

"She patronises Fleurette."

"They were silent. The little room was lighted only by tall twin candles above the fireplace. During the day the Little Lady's bed became a divan covered with an Indian shawl. Now she sat cross-legged upon this versatile piece of furniture, staring at the window, which framed a sky of white and light stars.

There was no clue to her thoughts—only that her grey eyes were troubled and her little slim fingers twisted about each other, as though she were wrestling with some demon in herself.

Peter, having turned out the fish, on to a plate and watched the oil dribble over the heap of elain, silver bodies, sank into a chair and stretched out a foot to stir the fire into a blaze.

He was miserably conscious of the Little Lady's beauty, of her slim figure outlined by the blue velvet dress, of the whiteness of her hands, of the little wanton curls that would run astray.

He wanted to reach across and touch her, to make sure that, seated there like a figure of carved ivory, she was real and warm and very woman.

He longed, with the longing of four years' restraint, to tell her the tale of his love, so very little different from all those other lovers' tales, but to him more vital than any. He wanted to take her in his arms, to crush her to him, to kiss the red lips which showed like a thread of scarlet in the half-light.

He, too, you see, felt the beginning of spring, knew the awakening in the March air. Like some unhappy animal of the forest, he yearned for a mate to share his hardships and joys.

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The Little Lady.

to the yard behind the shop. Outside this night was cold and clear, with still a trace of frost in the air. The new moon stood on its tail high above the houses. Somewhere, far away, a plaintive dog howled at the symbol of the new season. The air in the yard smelled homely of peat and fern-mould which the Little Lady kept heaped up there.

"You put your silver in your pocket, Old Peter!"

Conscientiously he jingled the few half-crowns.

"Turned?"

"That means luck for you, Old Peter. I, who really need the luck, haven't any pockets."

She led the way indoors and switched on a blaze of electric lights.

In a vase upon the mantelpiece leaned gracefully, like long slim ladies, some of those carnations which Barbara Crane had that morning unpacked from their basket.

"You look like a flower yourself," Peter commented clumsily.

"What! My Peter become a poet!"

He ignored her attempt at diversion. "I suppose that living with flowers, tending them, having to do with them, is bound to influence you, Barbara. But you know, you are like a flower."

"A moss rose, Peter?"

"A real rose, Barbara!"

"Sentimental Peter! Honest Injun, Peter, it's no use. I believe you're sincere—but I believe that at Leyden House. No one should talk like that about me—except, perhaps, the dark and handsome stranger."

Immediately he was all interest and suspicion. Who was this? Did he, Peter, know him? What could he mean to her?

The Little Lady flung up her hands in delight. "I have known him—if you can call it knowing—since this morning, ever since. Alice informed me that a 'chapp' had come in to see me. Further questioning of my handsome and competent assistant elicited the fact that the chap was neither short nor tall, and positively refused to leave his name. I believe Alice suspects me of an intrigue."

"You shouldn't encourage these—"

"Encourage, Peter! That's a fine word, when I've never seen the man. He might be the income tax inspector, for all I know. He caught me at a sentimental moment—and I am his."

They were seated now at the gate-legged table, faced with coffee and bread and butter and the herrings.

"Laugh at my jokes," she insisted, "or I shall begin to think you a very dull companion."

"Well, let's change the subject," Peter urged. "Let's talk of—say, my good aunt's dance. Lord and Lady Pamunter request the pleasure, and so on."

"My dear, I haven't a rag to wear." The Little Lady pushed back her chair. "I'm afraid it's going to be a very smart affair."

"As many of the world's best-known people as Aunt Claire is able to beat up," commented Peter Cowdrey. "That won't be many, as they most of them steer clear of old Pamunter and her nefarious schemes. Of course, there'll be the usual crowd—the Dalrymples, Errol Carston, Mrs. Payne—"

"Lisbeth Verriker," she prompted.

"How the deuce do you know about her?"

She smiled. "You forget, old Peter, that for a long time I was tagged about by your respected aunt. I was the Pride of Old Portman-square."

For a moment they were silent.

"Penny for your thoughts, Barbara!"

"They're not worth it, Peter. Confused, tangled things, you wouldn't give a farthing for them. Indeed, I'd give them away to anyone who'd take them."

Peter tapped a cigarette meditatively on the back of a brown hand.

"Would you?" he asked. "I wonder, Little Lady. Without those thoughts, sad or gay, you wouldn't be you. You'd be Lisbeth Verriker or Bobs Dalrymple or any of that lot. They don't care whether spring has come or not—except that spring means new frocks and polo coming along. Can you see Bobs eating tinned herrings?"

They both had to laugh at this, and again their laughter relieved the tension. After that, they talked freely of books and plays, matters in which the Little Lady never attempted to exercise her own judgment, but relied upon Peter's sound contemporary knowledge.

Just as the Little Lady's clock struck ten o'clock in a weak, silvery voice, there sounded a heavy knocking on the door of the shop.

"Late visit!" granted Peter, by no means in the blue smoke of one of his dark pipes.

"The handsome stranger!" replied the Little Lady. "Don't move, old Peter. I'll open the door."

She touched his arm lightly and ran through the shop, now shadowy with the rays of the street lamps.

Before the door she hesitated in delicious suspense. Straining it atilly with the finger, her knight came to find her at the opening of spring? She could hear someone jabbing with a walking-stick on the step outside and a soft bass voice humming a gay value tune.

With a sudden quick movement she drew the bolt, lifted the latch and opened the door. For a moment she stared into the dark, then, with a sudden catching of the breath, stepped back to let him into the shop.

It was the man who had filmed the only cloud above the shining purity of her young life. It was Maurice van Rikken!

Another splendid instalment will appear to-morrow.

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Which Would You Rather Be?



I was once a man below the average standard, and until I discovered this unfailing method I was one of the most insignificant men living. Just a paltry 5 ft. 5½ in. high and undeveloped all round, no height, no physique or that manliness of appearance which all men desire. But to-day I am 5 ft. 10 in. tall, and have filled out and gained stannia and proportion in exact measure to my present height. This has meant all the world to me, and so it will to you. This took but a few months, and I know that what it did for me it will do for others.

What a wealth of sure hope to all who are thwarted and hindered in all their ambitions and aspirations by reason of their scanty stature.

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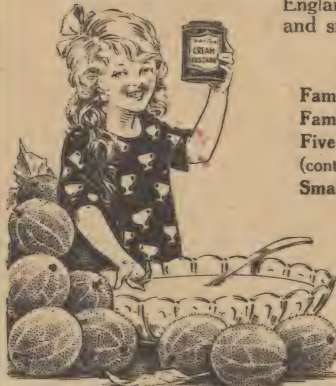
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You simply must use the Creamiest Custard (that is Foster Clark's) with Gooseberries to obtain enjoyment to the full of this delightful and appetizing fruit. Not everyone can live in the beautiful county of Kent among the orchards and fruit plantations (it's been a gorgeous "Blossom Time" this year), but all can partake of the bounteous gifts that nature has given to Kent and the Creamiest Custard (that is Foster Clark's) which is made in this Garden of England, far away from the grime and smoke of big cities.



REDUCED PRICES.

Family Tins 11½d.

Family Packets 9½d.

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(contains 5 separate pint packets).

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THE RICHEST IN CREAM

IS NOT ONLY THE BEST FOOD FOR BABIES,

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AVOID all SKIMMED CONDENSED MILKS WHICH, according to the new regulations issued by the Ministry of Health, MUST BE LABELLED "UNFIT FOR BABIES."

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For the meal that must be prepared without delay there is nothing quite so appetising as Poulton & Noel's Chicken and Ham Galantine, for the firm's reputation guarantees the contents of every tin.

Poulton & Noel's Galantines turn out of the tin successfully, slice evenly and always afford a tasty and nourishing meal. Stock the larder with a few tins for the impromptu meal and the picnic.

6½d. per from all grocers. Insist on tin Poulton & Noel's—the reliable kind.

POULTON & NOEL'S
Chicken and Ham Galantine
and in other varieties

Last Few Days for Securing GILBERT'S SPECIAL

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Tailor-made

SUITS

for 63/-

200 Suits in All

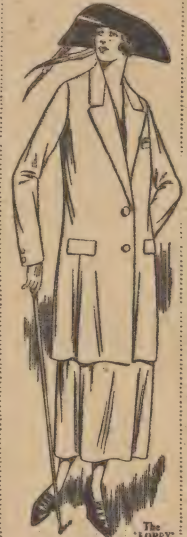
and Gabor lines

and Suitings at

ONE-THIRD

of the

usual prices.



Well-tailored Suits in All-Wool Cashmere, in plain or with check, or with belt. In Navy, Grey, Blue, Brown, Black, and Grey, also in Black. Coat lined with Brocade, a valuable feature. In all sizes. **63/-** Full price of fabric on request.

CATALOGUE of the latest styles and best values in TAILOR-MADE, COATS, COAT-PROCES, SPORTS COATS, FURS, etc., free on request.

BERTRAM GILBERT

45, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.1.
27 & 29, WESTBOURNE GROVE, W.2.

RHEUMATISM CURED



To further advertise our marvelous Galvanic Ring, which absolutely cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Nervous Disorders, and all kindred complaints, we have decided to give a quantity away. Write to-day for size-card, testimonials, particulars of free offer, etc.

GALVANIC RING CO.

(Dept. D.M.), KEW, LONDON.

Chronic Constipation

Relieved Without the Use of Laxatives.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. When you are constipated there is an insufficient quantity of lubricant produced by your system to keep the food waste soft. Doctors prescribe Nujol because its action so closely resembles that of this natural lubricant.

Your chemist has it. Try it to-day.

Nujol
TRADE MARK
For Constipation

IDEAL SUPPORT.



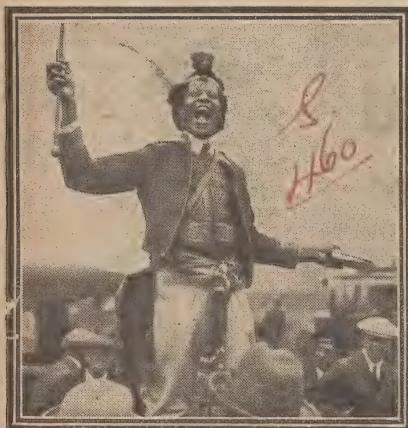
For Down-Back and Figure Prominence. Absolute accuracy of fit, lightness and ease of adjustment make this belt a real boon to ladies troubled with undue prominence of figure, obesity or hump-back. All weight is transferred to the hips, with consequent improvement of figure and ideal supporting comfort.

Price 9/11
Post Paid.
Over 36in. to 35in. waist
10/11.
Foreign orders 1/- extra.

MR. M. M. ELLING, London, writes: "I paid a very high price for a well-known surgical instrument making my own corset. 'Hollow' belt and your belt in superior in every way—Malle, Fitch and 'Adjustment'."

THE HEALTH CORSET CO. (Dept. 741)
26-28, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

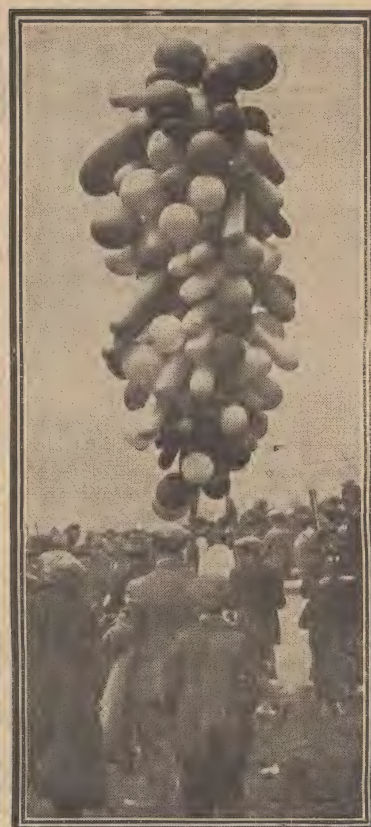
THE PRELUDE TO THE DERBY: SCENES AT THE OPENING DAY OF EPSOM MEETING



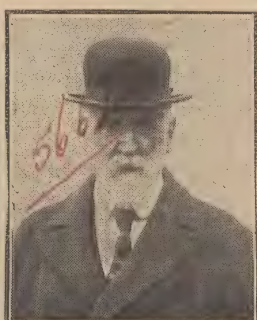
One of the leather-lunged fraternity ready to give you the name of a "dead certainty."



Lending in Rubber, winner of the first race-at Epsom yesterday.



G. Archibald (right), who is to ride Town Guard, with E. Wheatley, also a well-known jockey.



Lord D'Abernon, the British Ambassador to Germany, among the spectators on the course yesterday.



Lady Chesham and Mrs. Baird at the meeting. Cold weather conditions called for furs and warm wraps.

The Epsom Summer Meeting opened yesterday under chilly weather conditions that seemed to mock the hot-weather preparations made for to-day's great festival. The

opening races provided interesting sport, but in the eyes of the general public serve only as the prelude to the big event on which all eyes will be focussed this afternoon.



Miss Jessica Brown, the Ziegfeld Follies actress. Inset, Mr. C. De Witt Reinhard, her former husband.



COINCIDENCE.—T. J. Jackson, hitherto known at Bridlington, recalled the girl who fell into the sea; she had previously received a certificate for saving the child's aunt.



The Earl of Northesk. He is 21.



"BARTHOLOMEW'S 800th ANNIVERSARY.—Mr. Rupert Harvey as Rahere, founder of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and Mr. Arthur Bouchier as King Henry VIII., in which roles they appear in the historical pageant which is one of the attractions of the Bartholomew Fair.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

THE EARL'S ROMANCE.—It is reported that difficulties have arisen in regard to the granting of a licence for the marriage of the Earl of Northesk and Miss Jessica Brown. It is stated that the validity in New York of a decree of divorce from Mr. C. De Witt Reinhard, granted to Miss Brown in Chicago, is questioned.



*My Dear, Give him a box
of Craven "A". They're made
Specially to prevent sore throats!*

The pure matured Virginia
Tobacco is guaranteed free
from adulteration of any kind.
The nice paper is pure. The
neat, hygienic cork tip en-
sures a smooth, cool, non-
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CRAVEN "A"
CORK-TIPPED
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

MADE
SPECIALLY
TO
PREVENT
SORE
THROAT

20
for
1/-
ON SALE
EVERYWHERE



RACING'S ANNUAL CARNIVAL—DERBY DAY AT EPSOM

Runners and Jockeys for Turf Championship.

WHAT WILL WIN?

"Bouverie" Predicts the Success of Legality.

To-day the hopes, doubts and fears of a twelvemonth will be set at rest when the race for the Derby will be decided on Epsom's classic Downs. A more open race than usual this year, tips are plentiful. Bouverie, who gave Captain Cuttle last year to beat the field, thinks that this year Legality will win. At least, he says if he were a betting man his money would go on Lord Furness' colt.

DERBY SUMMING UP.

Legality as Likely Winner—Roger de Busli the Best Outsider.

By BOUVERIE.

"Fini" will be written to the Derby story—
I almost said tragedy—of 1923 this afternoon. Tragedy it certainly has been for Mrs. Whitburn, robbed of an opportunity of seeing her champion, Drake, take a chance in the greatest race of the year, and for Lord Astor, whose Light Hand would have been one of the favourites had he kept well.

Lord Astor has still a chance—a remote one, I am afraid—with Bold and Bad and Salsash; but the only woman owner left with the hope of seeing her colours successful is Lady Nunburnholme, and her representative, Portunna, appears to be held safe by several others, including the outsider, Roger de Busli.

A fortnight ago I cherished a firm conviction that Town Guard was destined to win Lord

BOUVERIE'S DERBY SELECTIONS. LEGALITY TO WIN. Best outsider, ROGER DE BUSLI.

Woolavington's second successive Derby; now, with the majority of folk who make racing a close study, I have different ideas.

Mr. Gilpin, the trainer of the best two-year-old of last season, has publicly stated that "if Town Guard is all right on Derby Day he will take a lot of beating." Take note of that "if." Horses that have been under suspicion do not win the Derby, and although Town Guard's ailments may have been magnified, the fact remains that he had done only one gallop since last Wednesday before his spin of six furlongs at Epsom yesterday.

So, as it appears policy to pass over Town Guard—with some reluctance, be it said—what shall we take to win the greatest race of the year?

Ellangowan, winner of the Two Thousand, must be given most serious consideration. So must Knockando, who would have been very much in the line of things for the fact that all and sundry appear to regard him as somewhere after 21lb. behind Town Guard.

After all, Knockando has only been out once and was then a matter of inches behind a classic winner.

Papyrus, if only because he will be ridden by Donoghue, must be held in the greatest respect. The colt was hardly at his best in the Guineas, and his connections are sanguine that Epsom will suit him better than did Newmarket.

So Papyrus is a possible, and so must be Pharos, who has won two of his three races this season. But there is just a doubt in my mind

DERBY DAY SELECTIONS. 1.50.—FIRST CUT. 2.5.—TINNY. 3.—LEGALITY. 3.45.—PORUS. 3.55.—TINNY ANGLO. 5.—SCHOOLGATE. DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY. TINNY AND PORUS.

whether he will stay the mile and a half, and that doubt arises chiefly because of his display behind Legality at Newmarket last summer.

This leaves us with Legality and, I think, the probable winner of the Derby. Only Town Guard was officially rated a better two-year-old than Lord Furness' colt last season, and rightly so on the Ascot running, when he gave start and beat Papyrus in the New Stakes, and only went under by a length to Town Guard, who was in front from start to finish.

Those connected with the colt will not have it that his Guineas running was in measurable distance of his true form.

Certain Cuttle failed in the Guineas and won the Derby last year, and I shall not be surprised if history repeats itself so far as Legality is concerned to-day. At any rate, we have precedent to guide us.

Mr. J. B. Joel is very keen on the chances of My Lord, but they cannot all win—or, as that matter, finish in the first three—and as a likely outsider commend me to Roger de Busli, who has at least given evidence that he can stay the distance.



G. Francis the West Indian, who took 34 Middlesex wickets for 34 runs.

EPSOM'S OPENING.

Two Successes for Local Stables—R. Jones' Double Event.

A wet unpromising morning yesterday kept the attendance down to the smallest I have seen at Epsom on any day during Derby week. Fortunately, the sun came out to disperse a mist that had blotted out most of the first race, and if the weather is as pleasant to-day all will be well.

Between the racing we had one of the usual Derby thrills. Ellangowan was coughing, and was not likely to run. But Ellangowan was doing his best of the colt, and he was nearly as well backed as Town Guard on the course.

Lord Woolavington's colt did not go well in the market, and at the finish Papyrus was a slightly better favorite, with Legality very strong.

My Lord also kept his place, and probably would have shortened had his stable companions fared better during the afternoon.

There may be slight excuse for Green Fire, who carried Mr. J. B. Joel's colours in the Woodcock Plate and was not so well away as several others, but none exists for Greenfinch, who was well backed by Eaglehawk and Bart Snowball in the Epsom Handicap.

DORIC COLOURS SUCCESSFUL.

Glitter Gold, as expected, started a good favorite for the Woodcock, but he failed to show the form that got him so close to Heverwood and the Manchester winner, Tippler—carrying the Doric colours—led from end to end.

Coming round Tattenham Corner, Cordoba struck into the heels of another horse and unseated Evans. The jockey was promptly brought back on an ambulance, but, fortunately, he escaped with a slight hurt to the muscles of his right arm.

Taken altogether, the bookmakers did no harm on the first day. Rubber and Free From Pride were rarely mentioned in the betting, and the only actual favourites to score were Gully Eyes and Double Court.

Americus Boy showed none of the speed he had exhibited behind Crowden at the last meeting in the Egmont Plate, and although Hunting Song and Unexpected loomed largely in the picture, a furlong from the goal, neither threatened real danger to Double Court.

Free From Pride was a trifle lucky to win the Craven Stakes. To begin with, Bonne Race left his chance at the starting gate and Overseed did not find a smooth passage until just too late.

So, of course, who, like Double Court, is trained locally, has a very good chance of winning the Plate, and incidentally complete a double for R. A. Jones, who had opened the meeting by scoring on Rubber.

BOUVERIE.

TOWN GUARD FAVOURITE.

Lord Woolavington's Colt Again Heads Derby Betting.

There were two calls over on the Derby at the leading London clubs last night, and Town Guard closed favourite.

First of all, at the Beaufort, Papyrus was favourite at 13 to 2, without large investments being made. Pharos was supported to win about 26,000 at 7 to 1, and Town Guard, after being operated against at 8 to 1, closed at 15 to 2, being betfitted to win about 26,000. Ellangowan was backed to win about 26,000, and Salsash was supported to win 10,000.

At the final call over at the Victoria Club, however, Town Guard, after being backed at 6 to 5, finished first favourite at 11 to 2. Papyrus left off at 6 to 1, offered, and Pharos was next in demand at 15 to 2. Prices are appended—

11 to 2 Town Guard; 6 to 1 Papyrus; 15 to 2 Pharos; 9 to 1 Legality; 10 to 1 Ellangowan; 13 to 1 Knockando; 10 to 6 My Lord; 25 to 1 Twelve Pointer and Roger de Busli; 25 to 1 Salsash; 30 to 1 Parth; 35 to 1 Doric; 45 to 1 Potunna; 50 to 1 Hurry Off, Bold and Bad and Apron; 100 to 1 others.

COURSE BETTING.

100 to 15 Papyrus; 7 to 1 Town Guard; 8 to 1 Pharos and Ellangowan; 9 to 1 Legality; 10 to 8 My Lord and Knockando; 25 to 1 Roger de Busli and Parth.

COURSE AND TRAINING NEWS.

Points from Tattersall's, the Track and the Paddock.

Elliott rides Shrove in the Oaks on Friday.

Choroes, Mongoose and Miliades were yesterday struck out of the Derby.

Sauter, which won at Newbury and Newmarket, has left Whitcombe for France.

Sir Hedworth Mox's sealed nomination for the Ascot Gold Cup has been withdrawn.

Stratfield completes in the Great Surrey Foal Plate to-morrow. Elliott will have the mount.

Sadler will only run Top Gallant in the Coronation Cup to-morrow if the going remains good.

Poisoned Arrow, Captain Cuttle and First Wheat have been struck out of the Coronation Cup. D. Vaux, middle Captain Fracasse and Soubriquet for to-morrow's race.

The scratching of Irish Belfry out of all published handicaps includes also the Handicap (Kempton Park), Newbury Summer Cup, and Northumberland Plate.

The death is announced, at Newmarket, of Mr. Thomas Baring, the well-known sportsman. Mush-room, who won the City and Suburban in 1911, was the first and best horse he ever owned.

Iron Merchant, formerly known as Maguette colt, which was awarded the Rock Selling Plate at Gaywick, following the Hypatia filly inquiry, will be put up for sale after the practice at Lewes on Monday.

DERBY CARD: HORSES, JOCKEYS AND COLOURS.

3.0—THE DERBY STAKES of 50 sovs each, with 3,000 sovs added. For three-year-old colts and fillies. About one mile and a half.

Sir A. Bailey's br c APRON, by Son-in-Law—Aprille W. Lister

Lord Astor's br c BOLD AND BAD, by Swayford—Good and Gay J. Brennan

Mr. H. C. Sutton's br c CANOVA, by Cannobie—Vain Hilda J. Leach

Mr. A. de Rothschild's ch c DORIC, by Tracery—Doro J. Childs

Lord Rosebery's b c ELLANGOWAN, by Lemberg—Lammermuir C. Elliott

Duke of Westminster's b c HURRY OFF, by Hurry On—Edna T. Burns

Lord Woolavington's b c KNOCKANDO, by Phalaris—Sneak Bridge H. Jones

Lord Furness' gr c LEGALITY, by Charles O'Malley—Kepler's Law G. Hulme

Mr. J. B. Joel's ch c MY LORD, by Sunspot—Our Lady V. Smyth

Mr. J. B. Irish's b or br c PYPARUS, by Tracery—Miss Matty Donoghue

Mr. M. Goulds's b c PARTH, by Polymelus—Willia A. Walker

Lord Danby's b c PHAROS, by Phalaris—Scapa Flow Gardner

Lady Nunburnholme's b c PORTUNNA, by Charles O'Malley—Lonely Lady H. Beasley

Sir J. Robinson's ch c ROGER DE BUSLI, by Hurry On—St. Genevieve Jellis

Mr. J. White's ch c SAFETY FIRST, by Hurry On—Surely R. Stokes

Lord Astor's ch c SALTASH, by Sunstar—Hamoaze F. Bullock

*Lord Rosebery's ch c SCALING, by Clarissimus—Pennula J. Childs

*Mrs. Bendir's ch c SKIAS, by Kwang-Su—Glen Clova J. Childs

Mr. Foxhall Keene's b c TOPBOOT, by Amadis—Puss in Boots II F. Fox

Duke of Westminster's b c TOWN GUARD, by Hurry On—William's Pride Archibald

Duke of Westminster's b c TWELVE POINTER, by Royal Realm—Fin Glen Carslake

*Donbult runner. (b. c. means bay colt, br. brown, gr. grey, ch. chestnut.)

GOLF PRACTICE.

Open Championship Competitors Try the Troon Course.

SMITH'S SPLENDID ROUND.

Many of the aspirants to golf championship honours were practising on the Troon course yesterday. The feature of the day's play was a magnificent round of 68 on the Old Course by Macdonald Smith, one of the several Americans who are competing for the trophy, at present held by one of their compatriots, Walter Hagen.

Fred Jangle and Jack Brews, the two South Africans; Aubrey Boomer, the French champion, and Arnold Massy, who has been champion of France and of Britain, were among those practising. The Old Course, on which the championship will be played, is in very fine condition.

Jangle halved a match with D. Sutherland, the Baltimore professional, when he went round in a score of seventy-three, as did his opponent.

Roger Wethered and Grril Foley had a fine battle in a match with Abe Mitchell and George Duncan, on the Old Course.

Lee Diegel and Chase Hoffer, the Americans, beat Arnold Massy and Jack White, the former open champions, by three and two, in a match over the New Course, Durol going round in seventy-four and Massy in seventy-six.

SARAZEN BEATS HAGEN.

Gene Sarazen beat Walter Hagen in an exhibition game over the Alexandra Course, Glasgow, yesterday by 2 up and 1 in play. Both were troubled by the greens at first. Hagen started with a great tee shot which carried the first green, a distance of 310 yards, and he secured the hole.

After that each dug for the ninth, where Sarazen was a hole in front, and he added to his advantage at the thirteenth, all the other holes counting in being halved. The course is somewhat short.

GOLF FOR MONEY.

Duncan and Mitchell to Oppose Hagen and Sarazen.

An interesting match has been fixed for Thursday next on the Western Gailes course, George Duncan being partnered by Abe Mitchell against the British championship holder, Walter Hagen, and Gene Sarazen, the American open champion.

Prize money amounting to £1,000 has been presented for a thirty-six holes match.

MRS. MALLORY WINS.

American Rival Beaten—Miss Beamish's Metal Racket.

The most interesting feature of the North London lawn tennis championships, which were continued at the Gipsy Club, Stamford-hill, yesterday, was the meeting in the women's singles of Mrs. Mallory and Miss Leslie Bancroft, who are ranked No. 1 and No. 2 respectively in the U.S.A.

Miss Bancroft managed to lead by 3-2 in the opening set, while Mrs. Mallory was breaking in a new racket which was very timely struck.

In the second set advantage games were necessary before Mrs. Mallory won a match, which was always safely in her hands, 6-3, 6-2.

On an outer court it was noticed that Mrs. Beamish brought into action an aluminum racket, which was very handy, but its usefulness in bad weather cannot be over-estimated.

T. Lamb, eldest son of the late Mr. T. Lamb, gave Mrs. Mallory adequate support in a mixed doubles against J. M. Bell and Miss Hogarth, who won by 6-3, 3-6, 6-2.

LONDON BANK ATHLETES.

Holders Retain Titles in Sprint, Hurdles and High Jump.

In the championship contests of the London Banks at Herve Hill last night there were several noteworthy performances.

Holders who retained their titles were F. Cosburn, who won the 100 yards in 10.3.5; E. G. Miller, who won the 100 yards hurdles; and L. A. Eddard, who won the high jump, 5 ft. 6 in. The two miles walk went to F. Hornby-Smith, the mile to B. A. Shaw, and the 220 yards to F. W. Norris in 23s., a record for the meeting.

OTHER SPORT IN BRIEF.

News Items and Gossip About Men and Matters of the Moment.

Torquay's New Player.—Torquay United have signed on a new back in F. J. Corbett, formerly of Walsall.

Colo.—At Hurlingham, Magpies beat Lynx 9 to 4, and at Richmond, Freshwaters beat Bilton Park 7-2.

Pemberton has now resigned for Millwall, making a total of twenty-two professional players so far changed for next season.

Jack Gregory, the Queen's Park Rangers' half-back, has been appointed player-manager of Yeovil and Peters.

Wigan Brough F.C.'s Profit.—The Wigan Brough F.C. last season made a profit of £239 17s. The directors have declared a dividend of 6d. per £1 share.

Britain's Davis Cup Team.—The team to represent Great Britain in the second round of the Davis Cup has been selected. The team consists of E. Lott, J. B. Lott, G. Lott, and J. D. P. Whitley. Reserve: Max Woosnam.

Motor-Sports.—Attemper—Reginald Shroome, the racing cyclist, who had undertaken to ride 1,400 miles in seven days, gave up the task at Horndon yesterday, having found a lady who was riding.

Football Benefits Hospitals.—The Irish Football Association, as a result of the Charity Cup competition, have made grants of £100 to £200 to sixteen hospitals and charities.

Trimdon Garage (Durham) F.C. are setting an example to other amateur clubs of how to keep things going. Over 300 men contribute one penny each per week to the club, and this is paid at the colliery office.

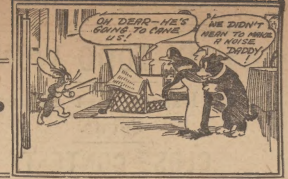
DUNCAN AND HAGEN.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and a dark, irregular tear or hole along the right edge. The overall tone is warm and slightly yellowed, characteristic of old paper.

Great New "The Little Lady" Begins To-day
Serial on Page 17.

The Daily Mirror

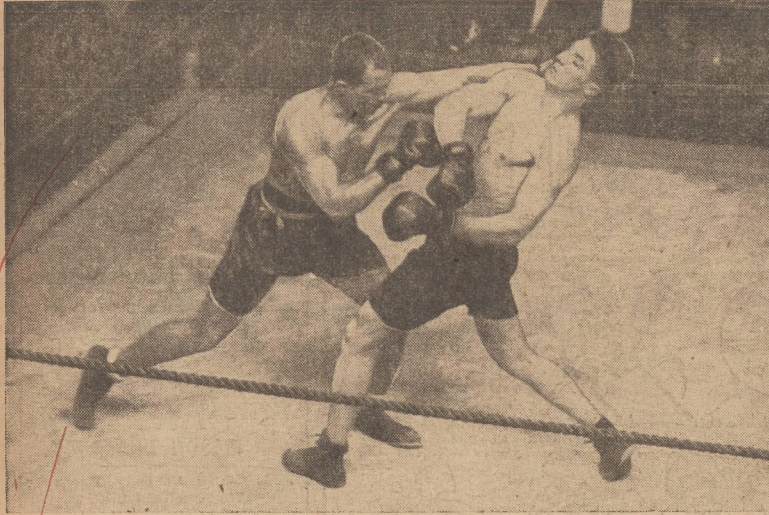
NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER



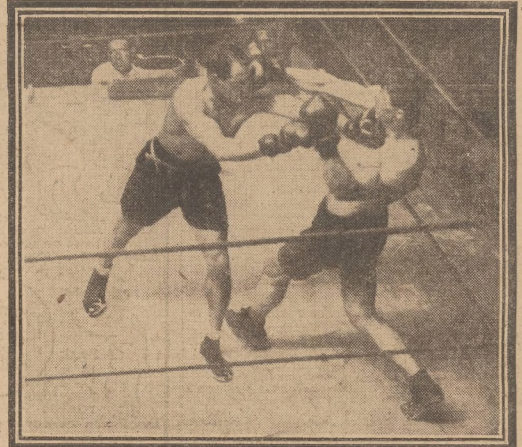
There are three whole columns—

—for boys and girls on page 11.

ROLAND TODD WINS ON POINTS IN A CLEVER BOXING MATCH WITH AUGIE RATNER



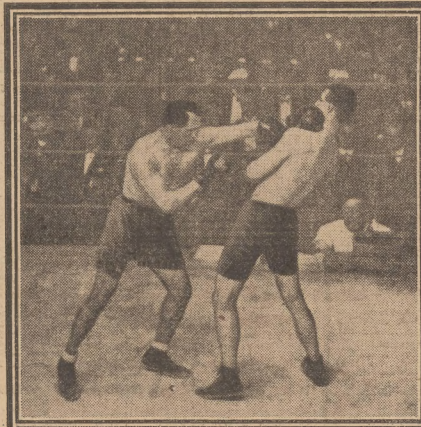
Ratner misses with the left and Todd parries a right uppercut.



Todd gets home his right and Ratner replies with the left.



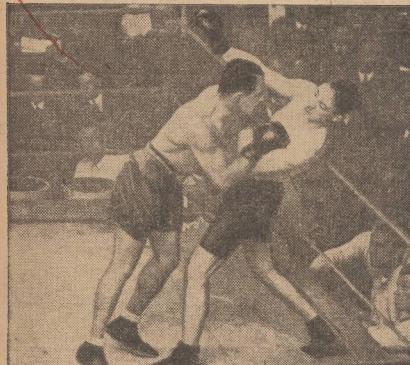
Todd stops a rush by Ratner with a left to the face.



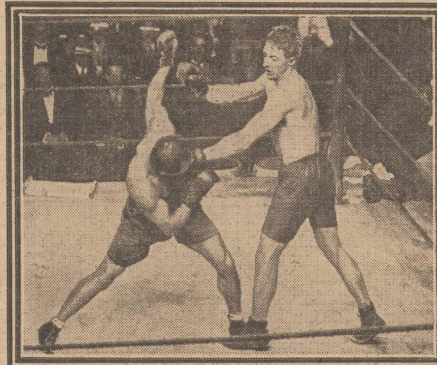
Ratner misses with a left to the face.



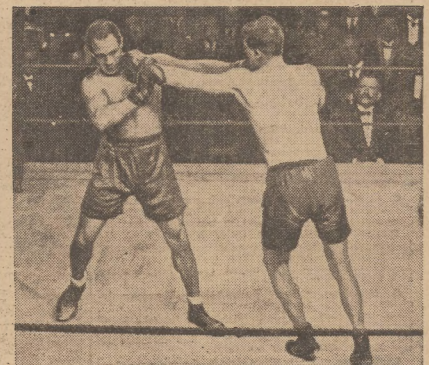
Todd sends a good right home to the body.



Todd driven to the ropes by Ratner's attack.



Todd lands a left to the chin.



Each man gets home a left to the jaw.

Roland Todd, the British middle-weight champion, boxing cleverly both in attack and defence, won on points his twenty-round contest at Holland Park Hall with Augie Ratner, the American. Both men showed great skill in boxing, and while there never

seemed any likelihood that the match would end with a knock-out, their quick thrusts and parries made it a most interesting bout to watch. Todd won the majority of the rounds, but never by very much.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)